S. STEVEN STRUBLE + SINA GRACE

THE LI'L DEPRESSED BOY™

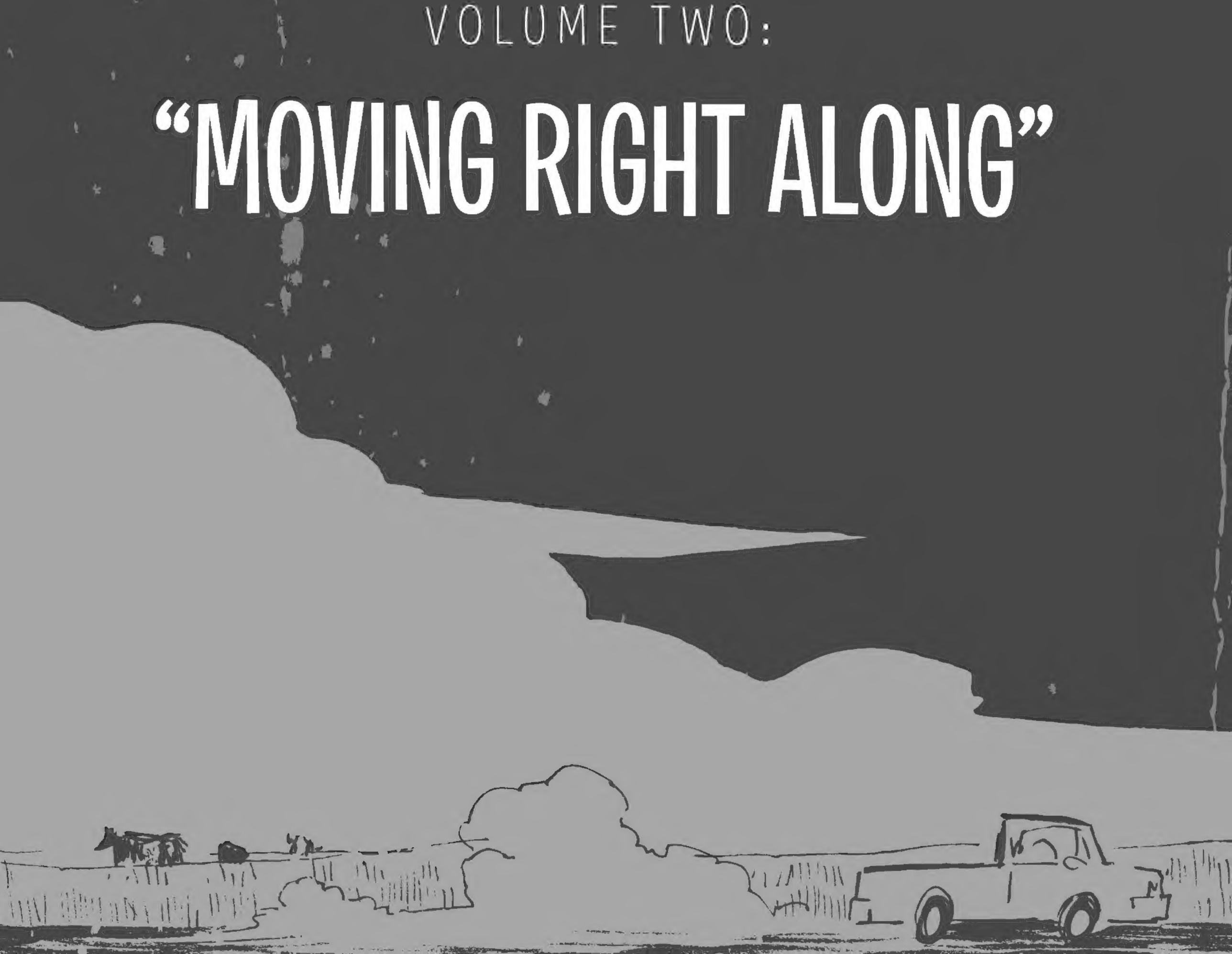
VOLUME TWO : MOVING RIGHT ALONG

Amarillo
CITY LIMIT
KEEP TEXAS
BEAUTIFUL
PROUD
Community

THE LI'L DEPRESSED BOY™

VOLUME TWO:

"MOVING RIGHT ALONG"



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SPECIAL THANKS TO:
DREW BLOOD, SEAN BONNETTE AND BEN GALLATY FROM ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD.
THANKS FOR BEING IN OUR BOOK, GUYS!

ISBN #: 978-1-60706-464-0
THE LI'L DEPRESSED BOY, VOL. 2: MOVING RIGHT ALONG.
First Printing.
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What the heck do you have to be depressed about, kid? Yeah, sure, your girlfriend dumped you—but she was never really your girlfriend in the first-place, was she?

Here's an idea, punk. Get a job. Get some new clothes from somewhere other than the second-hand store. I'd tell you to get a haircut, too, but you're a ragdoll. I dunno. Get some new stitching or something. CLEAN UP YOUR ACT!

Look, kid. Don't get me wrong. You seem like a nice guy. But you ragdolls have it too easy these days. Seems to me you have it a little TOO good. Hanging out, b.s.ing with your friends, futzing around nonstop. Heck, you even get to pack it up and follow the rock and roll dream for a while.

So, again: what the heck do you have to be depressed about?

…Oh yeah, the girl.

Jazmin.

You gotta buck up, buddy. She'll come around. Haven't you heard? Introverted ragdolls and sardonically clever tattooed hipster chicks are the perfect 21st Century ironic anti-rom-com matchup!

Yeah, your writer, mastermind, emotional manipulator and evil genius S. Steven Struble, is gonna drag your heart through broken glass for a few more story arcs, but I got a funny feeling that things are ultimately gonna turn out all right for you crazy star-crossed lovers. You'll have a lot of good times along the way—and so will your readers.

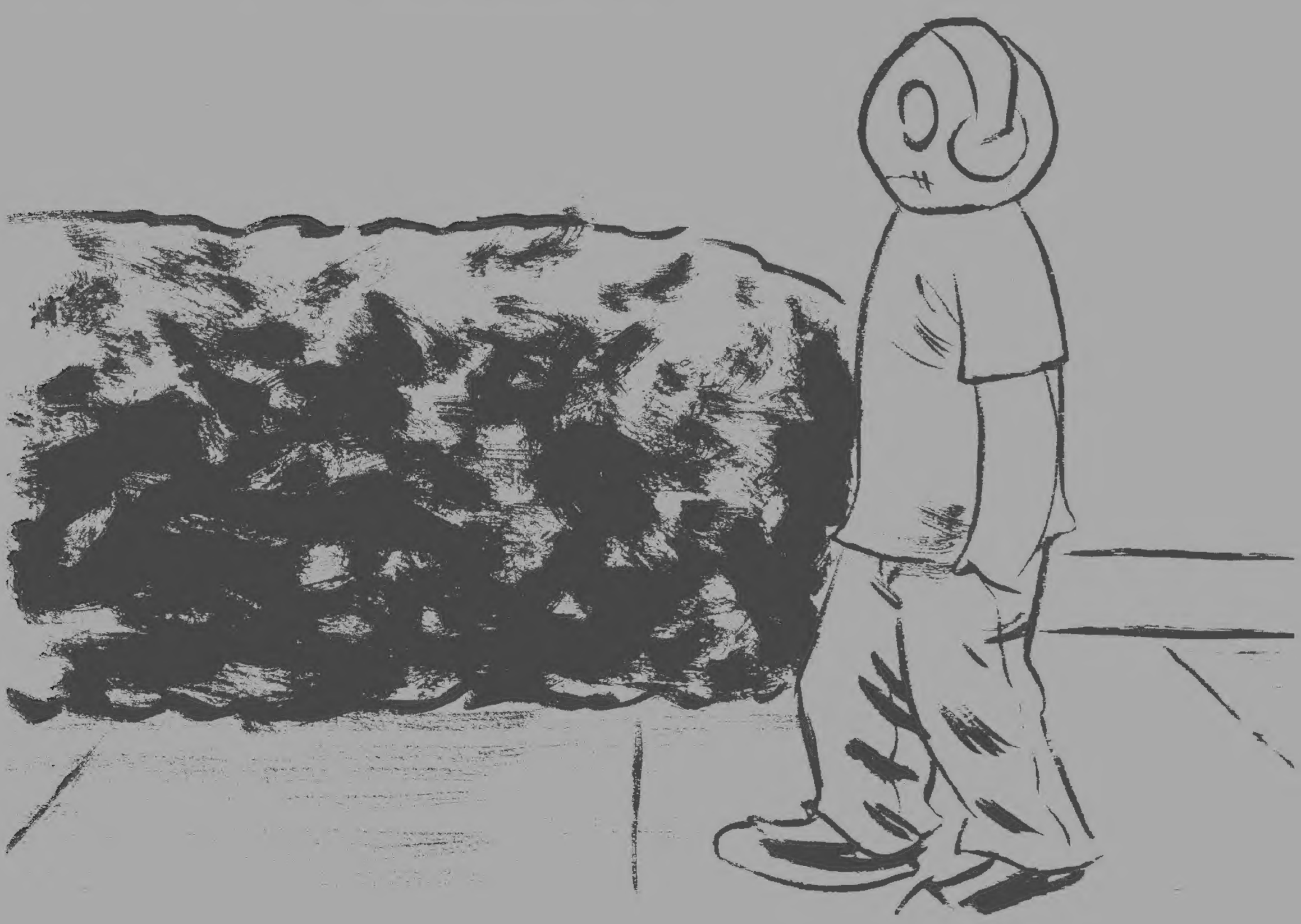
If they don't, well, at least you were miserable in style, thanks to Sina Grace's art, deceptively simple, yet endlessly engaging and evocative. And you did it in your own book, one that stood out like nothing else on the comic stands.

So cheer up, LDB. Things will get better. Maybe even by the end of this book. See if they don't!

Of course, if that depression persists, there's always lithium.

Sincerely,
Grumpy John Layman,

Just down the hall from you, glaring through the peephole, on the phone with the cops complaining that your music is always too loud.



For Drew Blood, thanks for being the kind of
friend who will get arrested to cheer me up.
-SSS

For Ashley Serra, No one else would give up
New York to sit in a hospital with me.
- SG

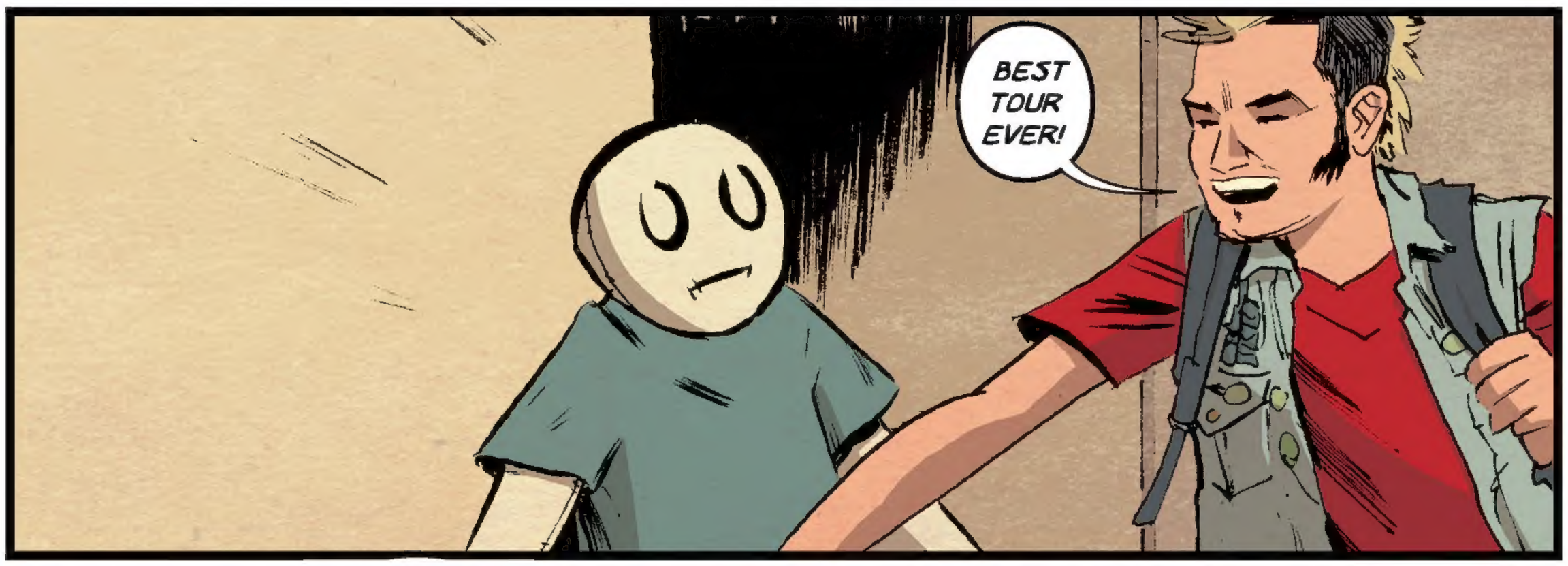
R.B!

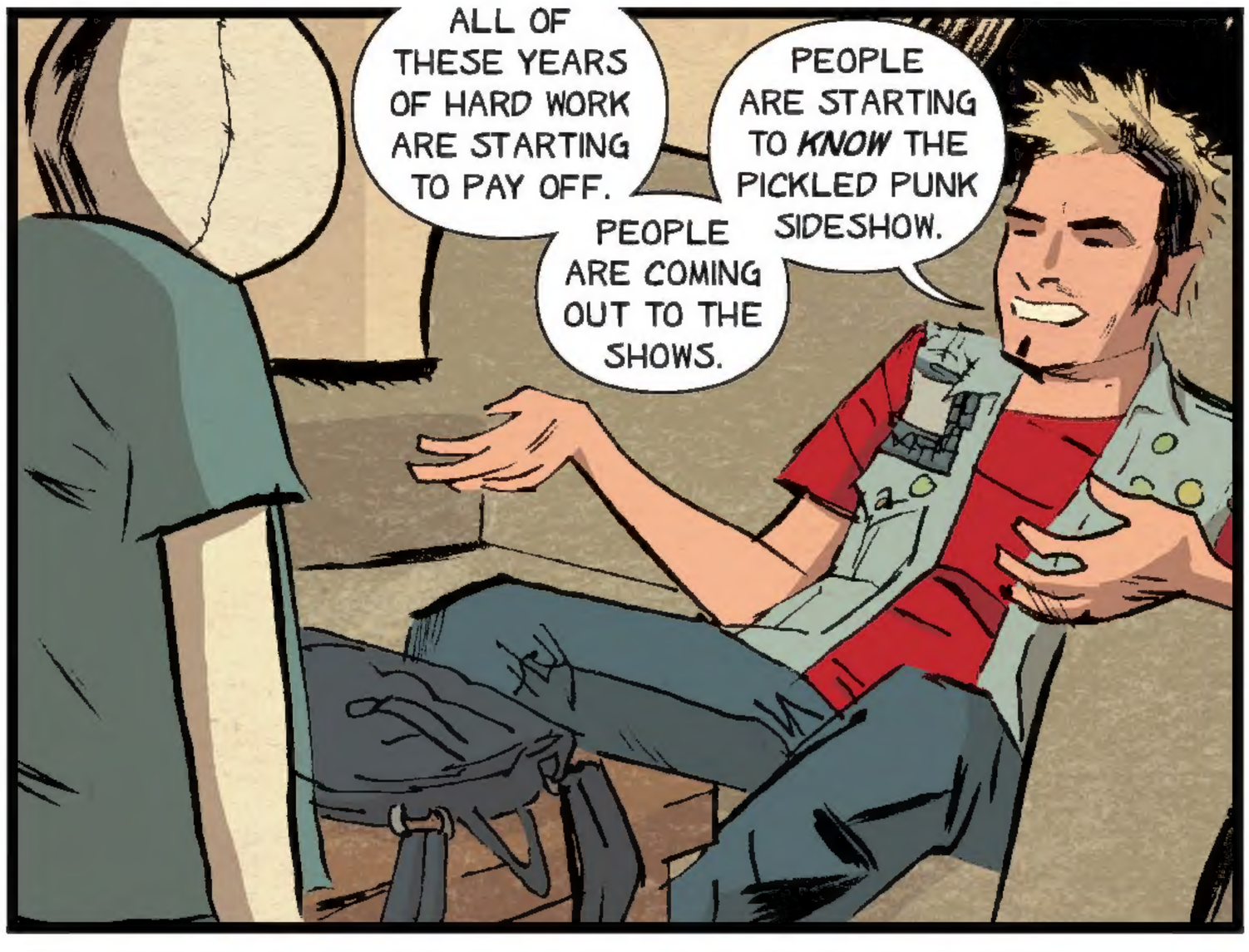
CHAPTER ONE:

"HISTORY OF A BORING TOWN"

POP-
POP!

KNOCK
KNOCK


BEST TOUR EVER!


ALL OF THESE YEARS OF HARD WORK ARE STARTING TO PAY OFF.
PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO *KNOW* THE PICKLED PUNK SIDESHOW.
PEOPLE ARE COMING OUT TO THE SHOWS.

I WONDER HOW MANY SHIRTS I SHOULD PRINT UP.

HEY, DREW.

I SEE YOU'RE BACK IN TOWN.

OH!

I BROUGHT YOU BACK A SOUVENIR!

YOU DO REALIZE I DON'T SMOKE, RIGHT?

WAIT.
HOLD UP.
ARE THESE...?
I THOUGHT THESE WERE ILLEGAL.
SO DID I.
APPARENTLY THEY'RE STILL LEGAL IN THE PROGRESSIVE STATE OF TENNESSEE.
I GRABBED YOU A WHOLE CASE OF THEM.
CANDY CIGARETTES.
THE CHALKY GATEWAY DRUG OF OUR YOUTH.
I THOUGHT OF YOU IMMEDIATELY WHEN I SAW THEM.
CRUNCH!!
IT COMBINES YOUR TWO FAVORITE THINGS!
CANDY!
AND TRYING TO LOOK COOL!

I SEE YOU WENT BACK TO THE HAWK.

YEAH.

THOUGHT IT FIT THE IMAGE FOR THE TOUR.

YOU NEED TO GET THAT?

NAH.

I'LL CALL BACK.

WELL, I BETTER GO.

I JUST GOT BACK IN TOWN.

HAVEN'T EVEN STOPPED BY HOME, YET.

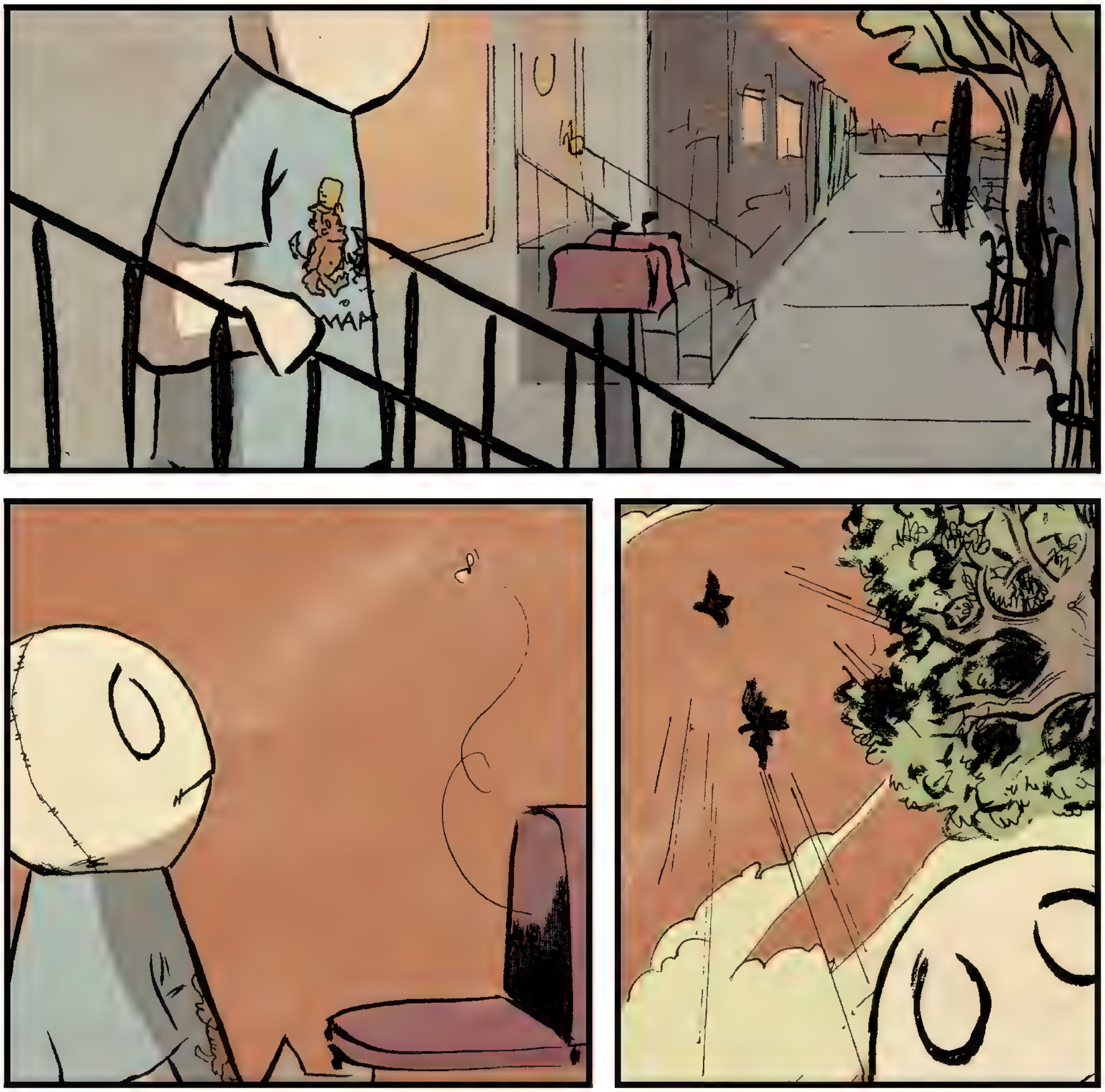
I JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO DROP OFF YOUR PRESENT.

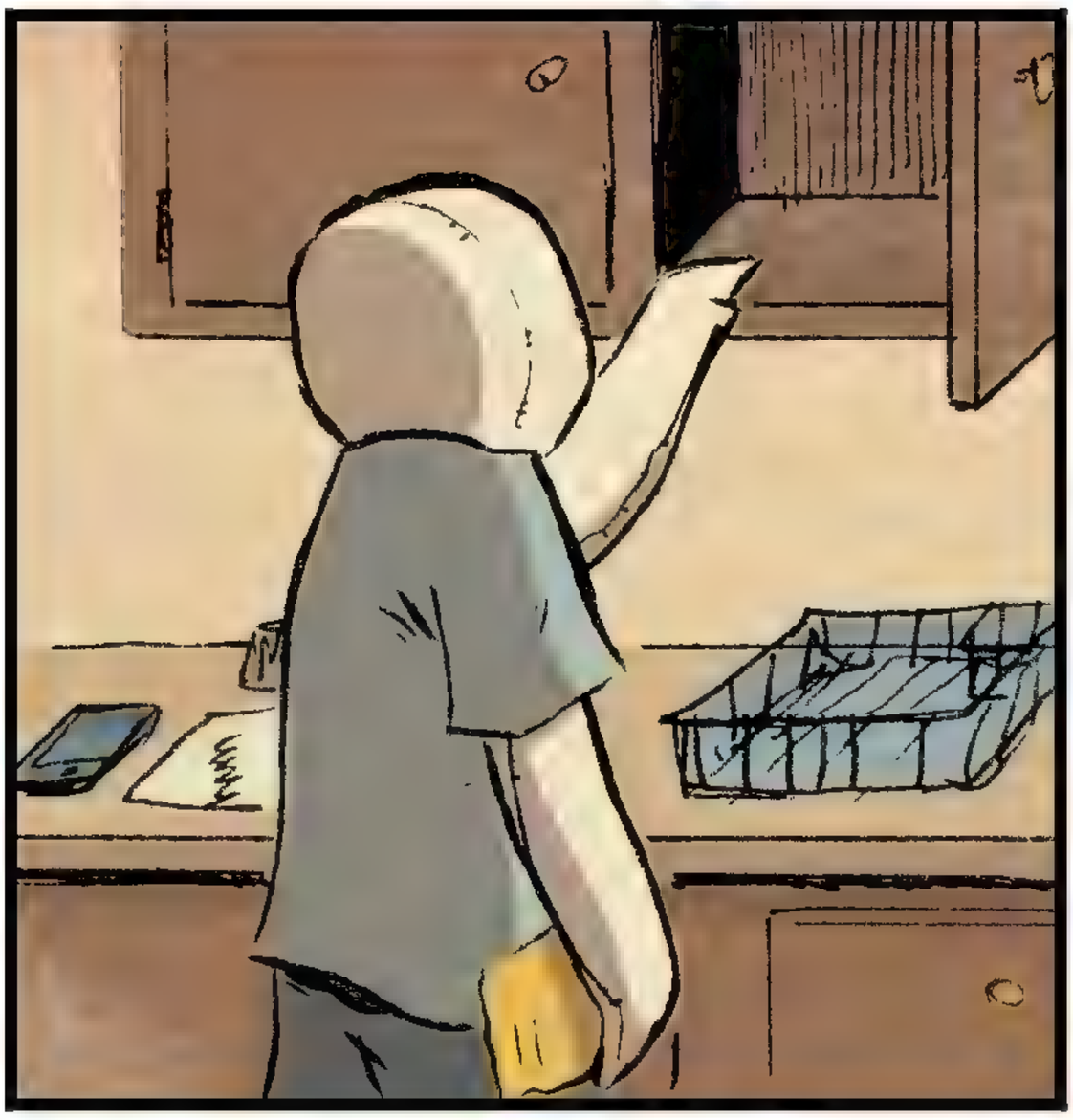
TALK TO YOU LATER.

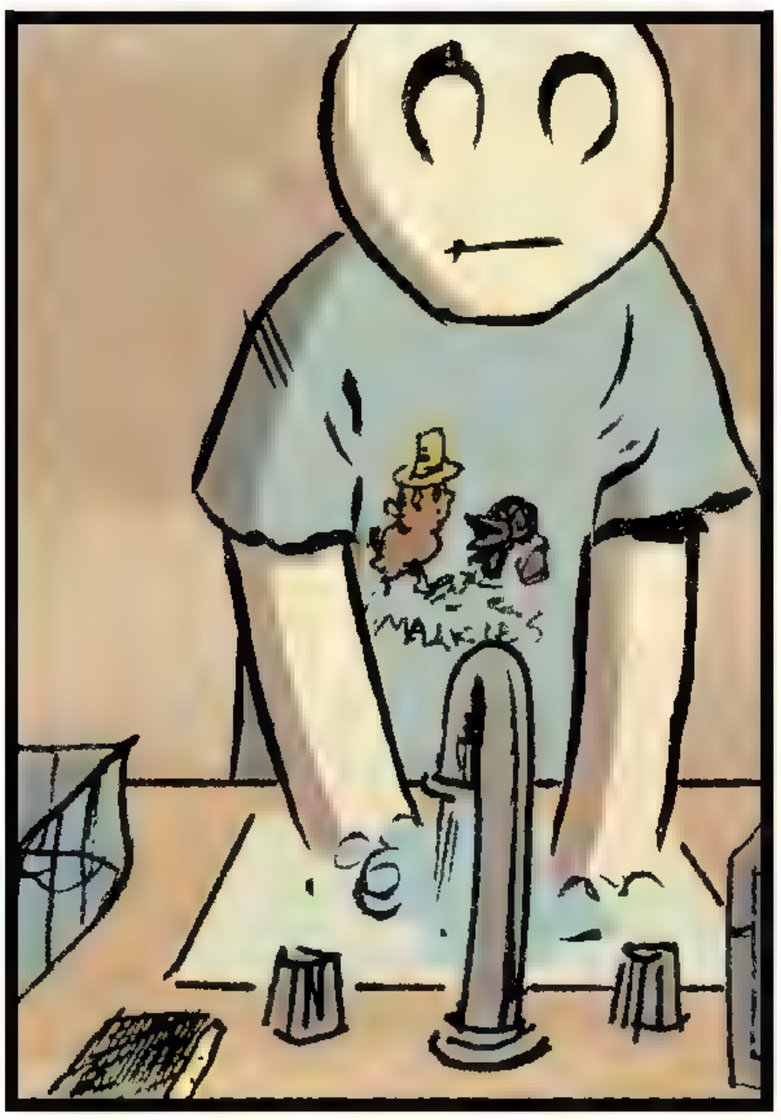
SEE YOU, LATER.

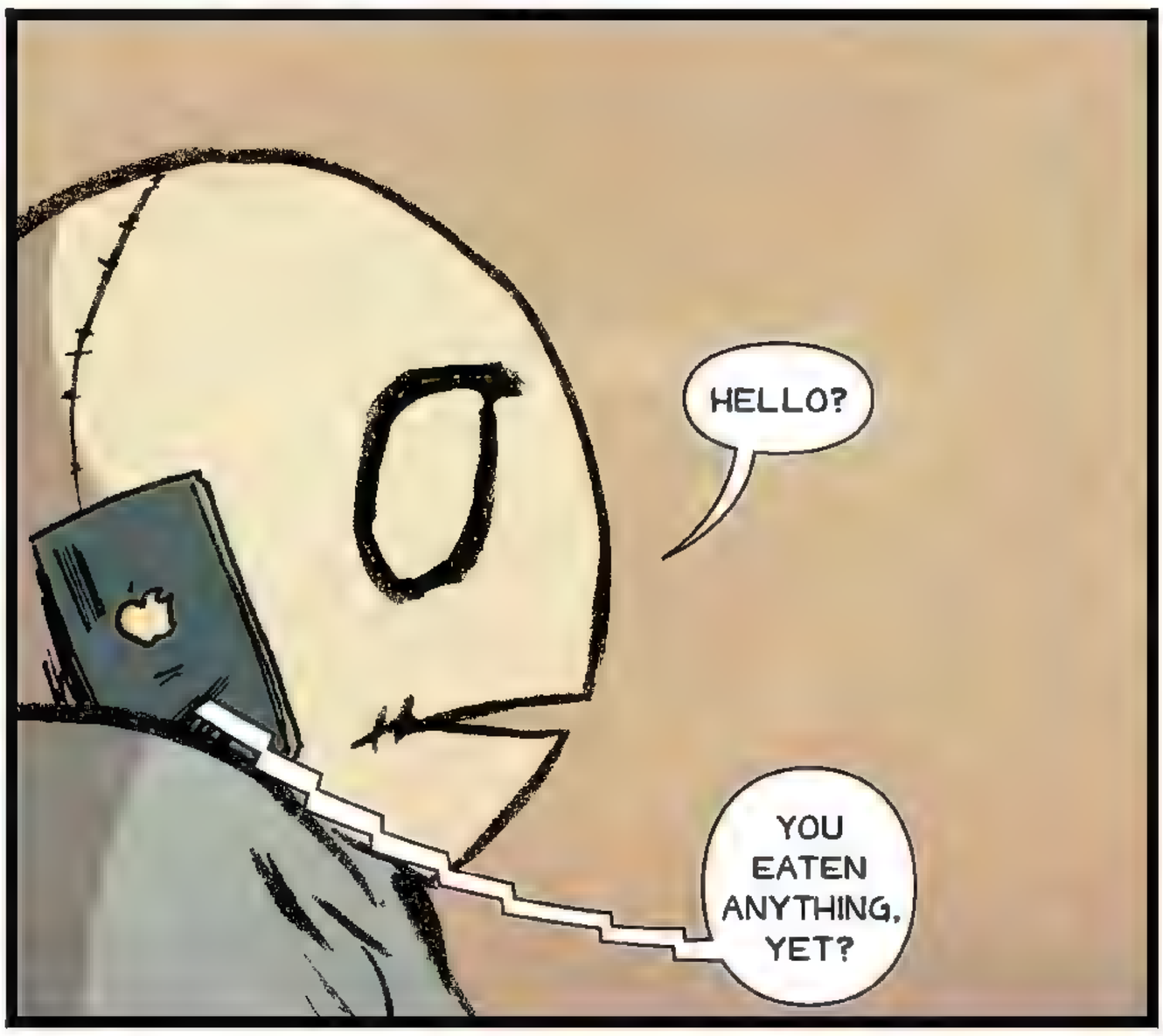
SIGH

Candy
Cigarette








HELLO?
YOU EATEN ANYTHING, YET?

PHO

I'M CONFUSED.

IT'S FOOD. YOU CHEW IT UP AND THEN YOUR BELLY IS HAPPY.

I MEAN, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY OF THIS STUFF.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO ORDER.

IT'S GOOD. TRUST ME.

I'LL JUST ORDER YOU THE SAME THING AS I'M HAVING, THEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN BLAME ME.

TWO GLASSES OF WATER.

AN ORDER OF STICKY RICE.

AND I KNOW IT'S NOT ON THE MENU BUT COULD WE GET TWO ORDERS OF *VEGETARIAN* PHO?

OH.

AND CAN WE GET SOME HOT PEPPERS?

PEPPERS?

THAT'S A NEW THING FOR YOU.

YEAH.

I'M IN TRAINING. I MIGHT ADD A "WATCH DREW EAT GHOST PEPPERS" BIT TO MY PERFORMANCE ARSENAL.

GHOST PEPPERS?

I HEAR THEY'RE PRETTY HOT.

YOU SURE YOU CAN REALLY TAKE IT?

HENCE, TRAINING.

WANT ONE?

SHRUG

SWOOO OOOOOO OOOO.

UGH.
I'M DONE.
TOO SPICY FOR ME.
STILL NOTHING.
Sugar

SO WHAT'S WITH PUTTING ALL THE SUGAR PACKETS IN YOUR WATER?

SOMETHING I SAW ON TV ONCE.

APPARENTLY, THEY MEASURE THE HEAT OF A HOT PEPPER BY HOW MUCH SUGAR WATER IT TAKES TO CANCEL OUT THE HEAT.

AND I TOOK --

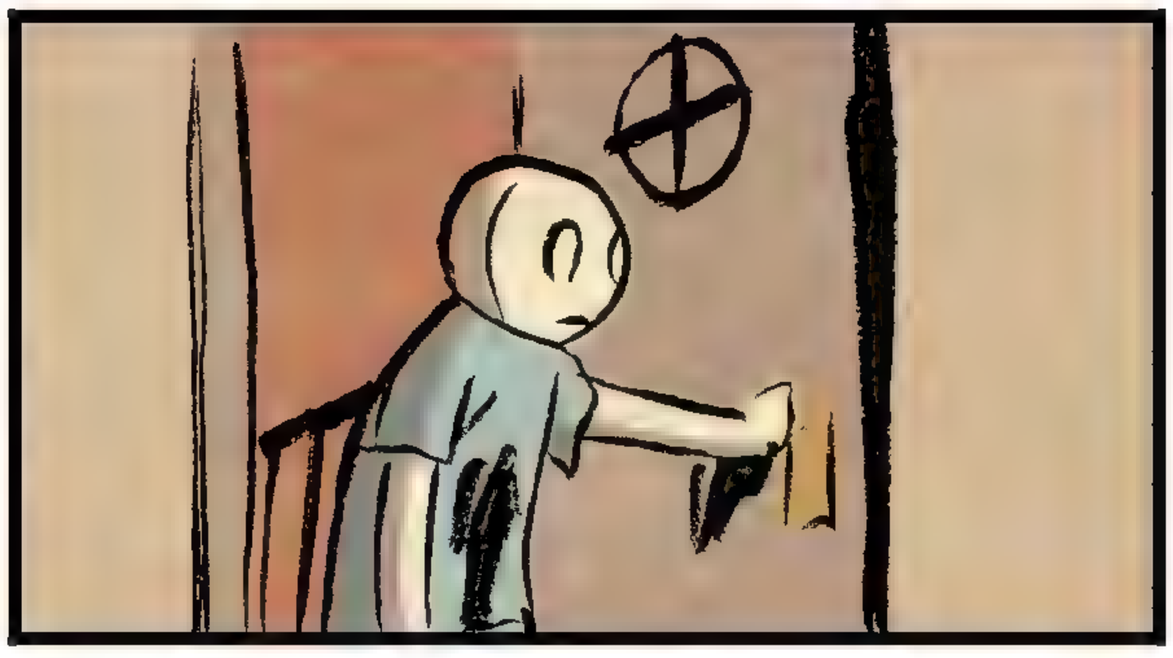
I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

HEY, IT'S NO BIG DEAL.

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, I'LL SHOWER IN SOUP, TOO.

I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

NOTHING GOES RIGHT.



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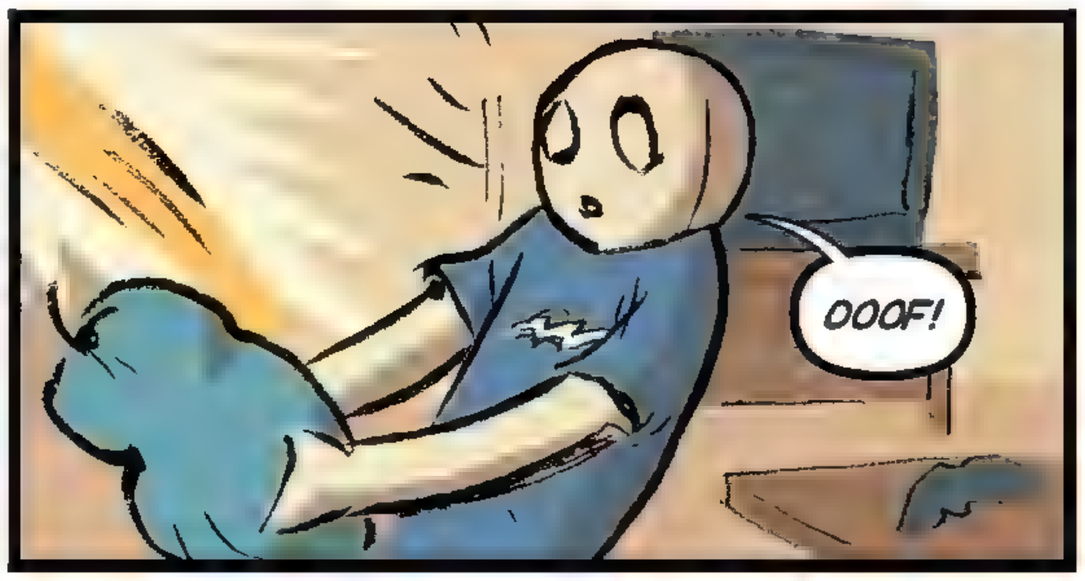

OOOF!

PACK A BAG.
WE'RE HITTING THE ROAD.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THE OPEN ROAD.

IT SINGS OF POSSIBILITIES.

ADVENTURE WAITS AROUND EVERY BEND.

A FRIEND AT YOUR SIDE.

A GOOD MIX ON THE STEREO.

SCENERY WHIPPING BY AT A MILE A MINUTE.

THESE.

THESE ARE FOOD FOR THE SOUL.

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE DESTINATION, LDB. IT'S THE JOURNEY.

RIGHT.

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD IS PLAYING A SHOW IN OKLAHOMA CITY, TONIGHT.

OO OOOO OO!

EXACTLY.

NOW SHUT UP AND FEED YOUR SOUL.

PUNCH BUG!

WHAT WAS THAT?

WHAT?

YOU NEVER PLAYED PUNCH-BUG AS A KID?

IT'S A GAME WHERE WHEN YOU SEE A VOLKESWAGEN BEETLE, YOU PUNCH THE PERSON YOU'RE NEXT TO.

YOU PLAY IT ON ROAD TRIPS.

I KNOW THE GAME, BUT ITS' CALLED *SLUG-BUG!*

PUNCH-BUG JUST SOUNDS SO AWKWARD!

IT DOESN'T ROLL OFF THE TONGUE!

THERE IS JUST NO POETRY TO IT!

IT'S WRONG.

PUNCH BUG!

SO, YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOUR PHONE?

WHY DO YOU KEEP SPAZZING OUT EVERYTIME IT RINGS?

I'M AVOIDING JAZZ.

SHE AND I KINDA BROKE UP.

KINDA?

APPARENTLY WE WERE NEVER EVEN ACTUALLY DATING.

WHAT HAPPEND?

BUT THAT GIRL HUNG ALL OVER YOU.

WAS IT A DREAM?

AN IMAGINARY STORY?

DID BOB NEWHART WAKE UP ON THE WRONG SHOW?

I DON'T KNOW, DREW.

I MUST HAVE *MISINTERPRETTED* THINGS.

I THINK SHE WAS JUST BEING FRIENDLY.

SHE HAD A BOYFRIEND THE WHOLE TIME.

UGH.

SORRY TO HEAR THAT, BUD.

WHAT?

UH OH.

THAT COP JUST TURNED AROUND.

AND I MIGHT HAVE A WARRANT OUT.

WHAT?!

GUESS I'M GONNA NEED THIS AFTER ALL.

GOTTA LOOK PRESENTABLE.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, OFFICER?

SIR, ARE YOU AWARE THAT THE STATE OF TEXAS REQUIRES YOU TO HAVE BOTH A FOWARD AND REAR LICENSE PLATE?

WHERE IS YOUR FOWARD TAG?

SORRY, OFFICER.

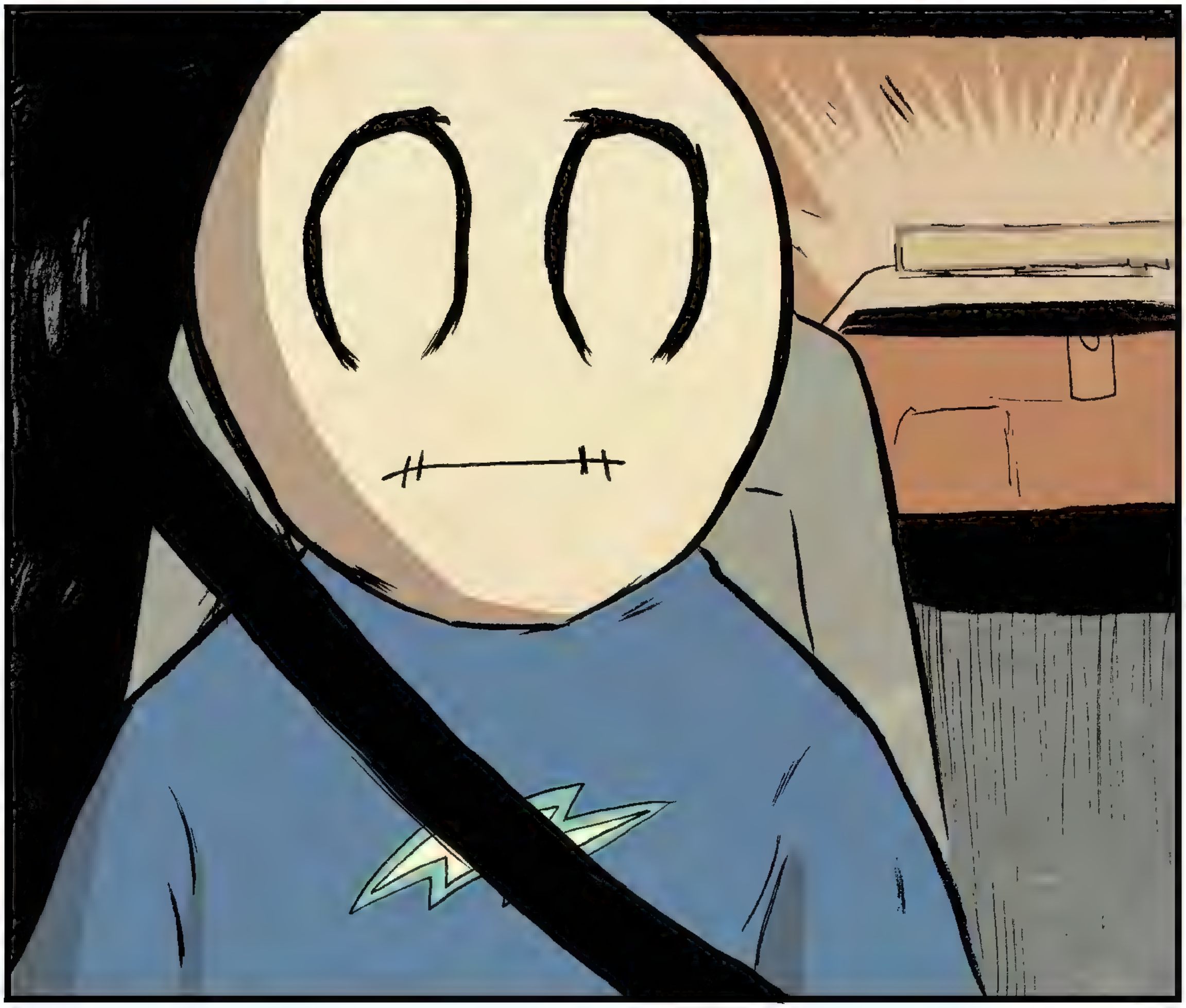
I JUST BOUGHT THE TRUCK AND DIDN'T HAVE THE RIGHT BOLTS, SO I PUT IT UP HERE IN THE WINDOW.

I HOPED IT WOULD BE OKAY TEMPORARILY.

LICENSE AND REGISTRATION, PLEASE.

WAIT HERE.

SIR, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE.



STATE TROOPER

TEXAS
PASSENGER
898 112

CHAPTER TWO:

"JAIL GUITAR DOORS"

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE YOUR FRIEND IN.

THERE IS A WARRANT OUT FOR HIS ARREST.

ARE YOU OKAY TO DRIVE?

NO, SIR.

DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T OR YOU ARE UNABLE TO?

UM, BOTH.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING TODAY?

NO, SIR.

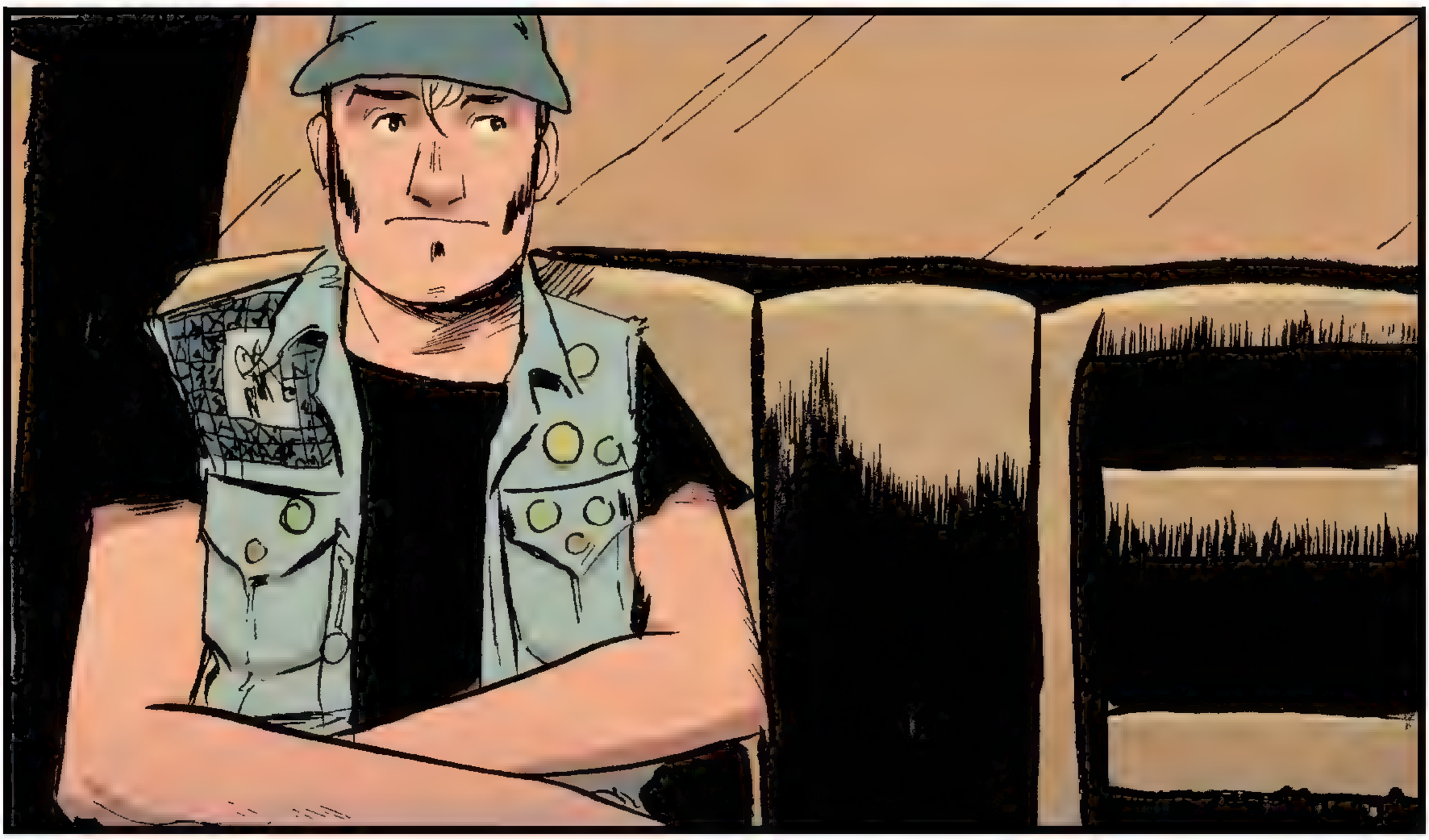
I NEVER LEARNED TO DRIVE.

I DON'T FOLLOW.

IS THERE SOMEONE YOU CAN CALL TO PICK YOU UP?

NOT REALLY.

HE'S MY ONLY FRIEND.



2:31
Weird Girl Missed Call (3)

BE COOL.

WHAT?!

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ABOUT BEING A FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW?

ALRIGHT, JUST FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL GET YOU THERE.

THEN YOUR FRIEND WON'T HAVE TO BE STRANDED HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

TRY TO KEEP UP!

AND AWAY WE GO!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

HE DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF LEAVING YOU TO SLEEP IN SOME FARMER'S FIELD.

SO WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM TO THE COURTHOUSE, WHERE THEY WILL PROCESS ME FOR MY CRIME.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

I WROTE A BAD CHECK.

HUH?

APPARENTLY, WHEN YOU WRITE A CHECK -- AND THERE ISN'T ENOUGH MONEY IN YOUR ACCOUNT TO PAY FOR THE GROCERIES YOU NEEDED THAT WEEK -- THEN THE CHECK BOUNCES.

IF YOU PAY THE BANK EXTRA FOR "OVERDRAFT PROTECTION," YOU JUST GET CHARGED AN OUTRAGEOUS FEE AND YOU'RE DONE.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE OVERDRAFT PROTECTION, IT'S CALLED "THEFT BY CHECK."

HEY.

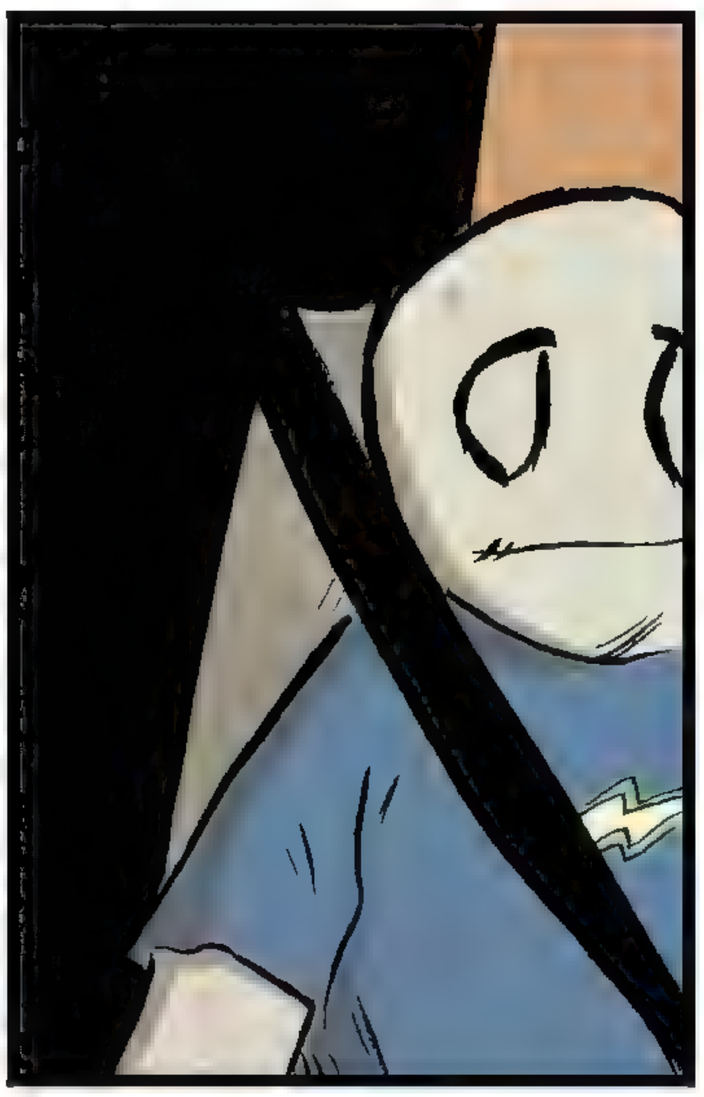
DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA HAVE A VEGAN MEAL OPTION AT THE JAIL?

I DON'T KNOW -- PROBABLY NOT.

WANT ONE?

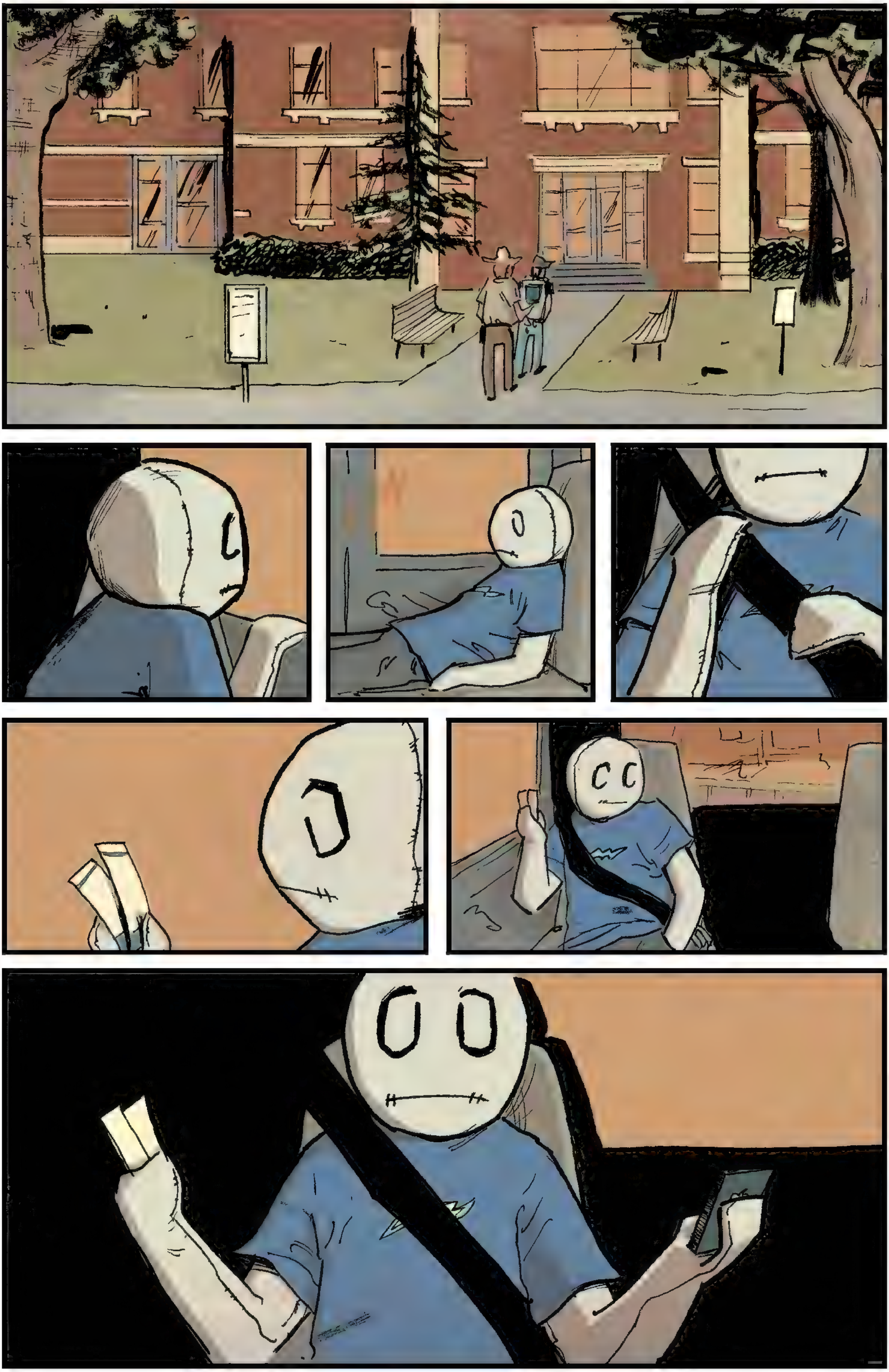
WELL, THIS IS IT.
GOTTA GO DO MY TIME.
GOOD LUCK.

BE STRONG!



SIGH

OH!
HERE'S THE TICKETS TO THE SHOW.
IF YOU CAN FIND A RIDE, YOU SHOULD STILL GO.
THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TIME.



THIS IS SALLY, SHE'S GOING TO CHECK YOU IN.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SALLY.

SAVE ANY CAKE FOR ME?

SORRY, BILL. WE'RE ALL OUT.

WE STILL HAVE PLENTY OF SWEET TEA, IF YOU WANT SOME.

SO WHO DO WE HAVE HERE?

UH... DREW BLOOD, MA'AM.

BIRTHDATE?

COUGH COUGH

HONEY, ARE YOU OKAY?

WE HAVE PLENTY OF SWEET TEA.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO CALL...

DREW'S BEEN ARRESTED, I'M STRANDED IN SOME TOWN I'VE NEVER HEARD OF, AND...

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

YEAH, I KNOW.

I CAN'T CALL HER.

I JUST CAN'T, ALRIGHT?

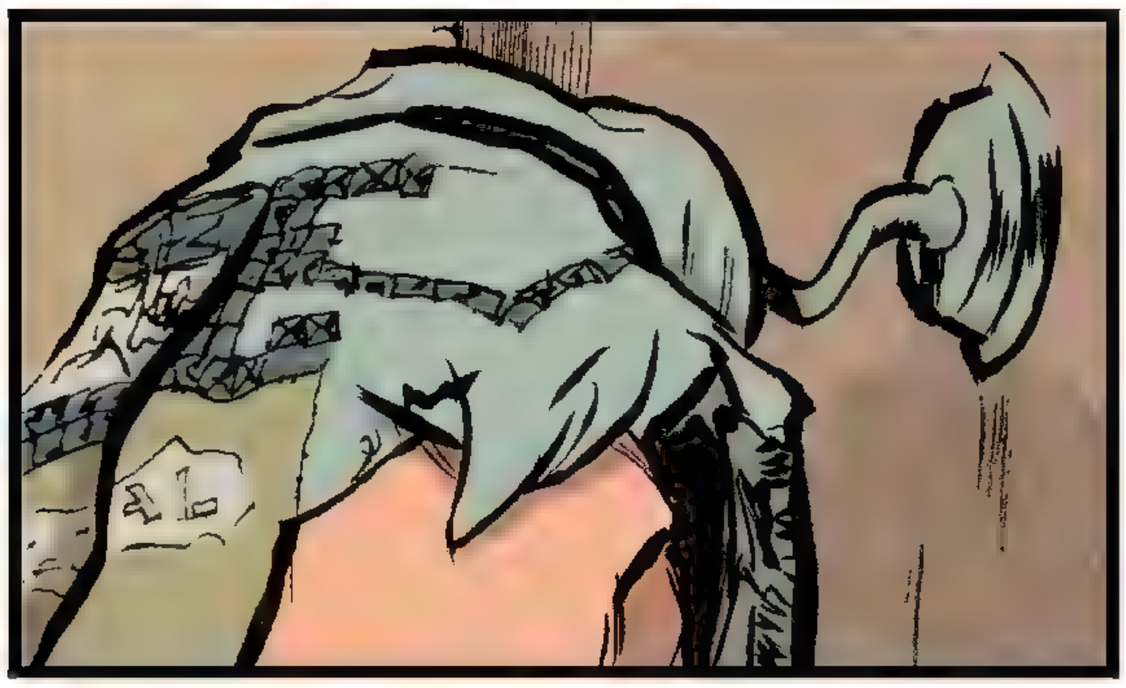
I KNOW, DAD. I'M SORRY.

I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.

LOVE YOU, TOO.

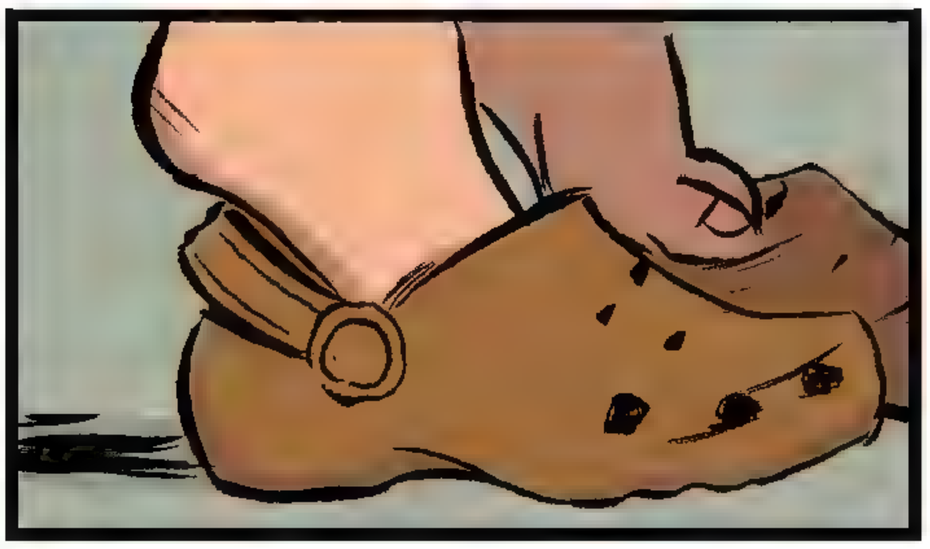
I HOPE DREW'S OKAY.

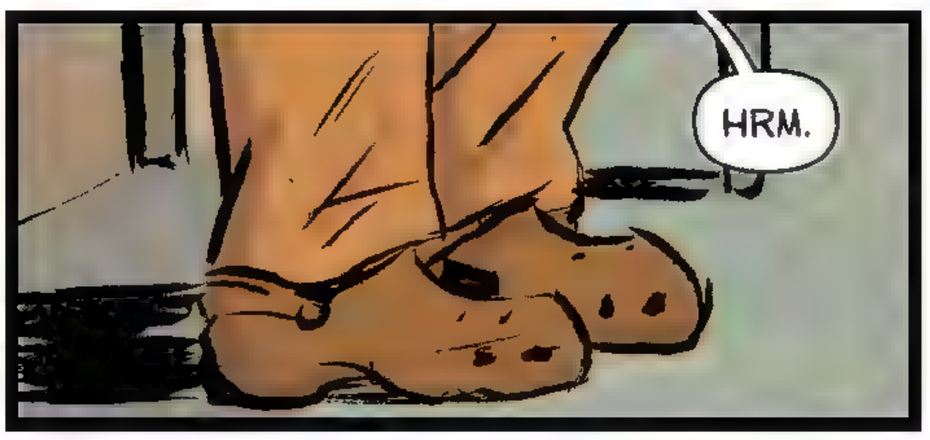
HERE.
GO GET CHANGED, AND WE'LL FINISH PROCESSING YOU.



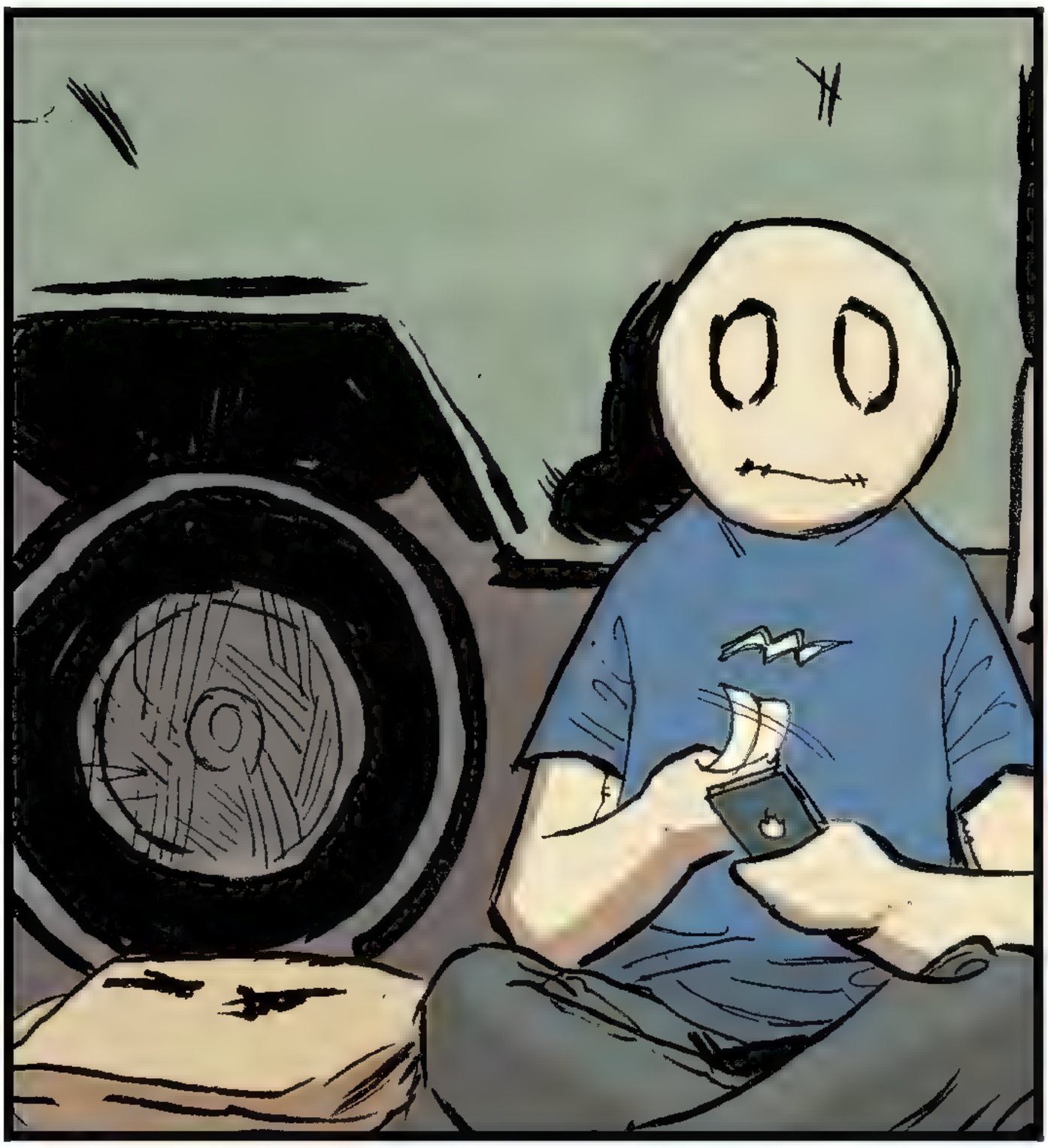
OF ALL THE DAYS TO GO COMMANDO.

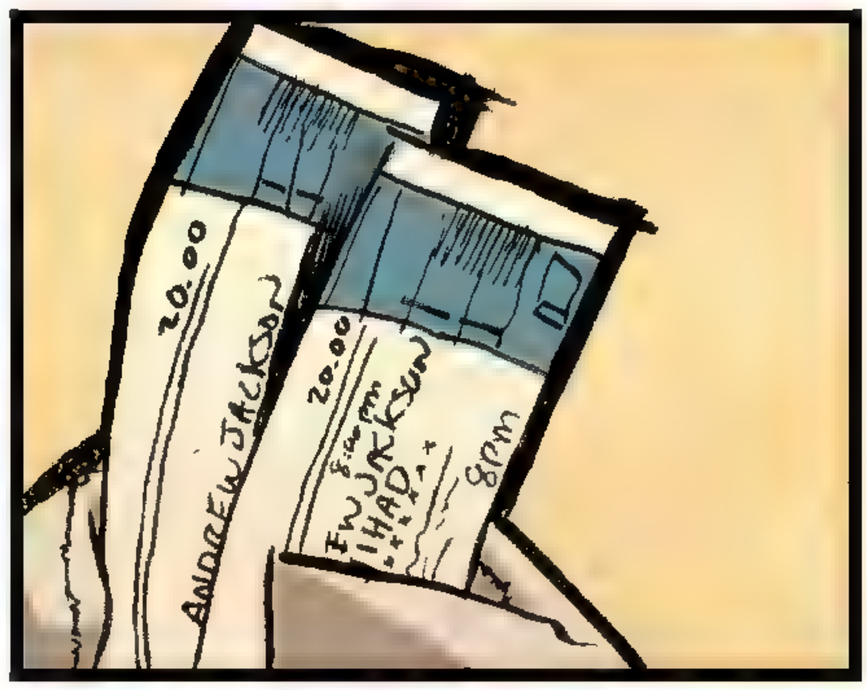
SERIOUSLY?

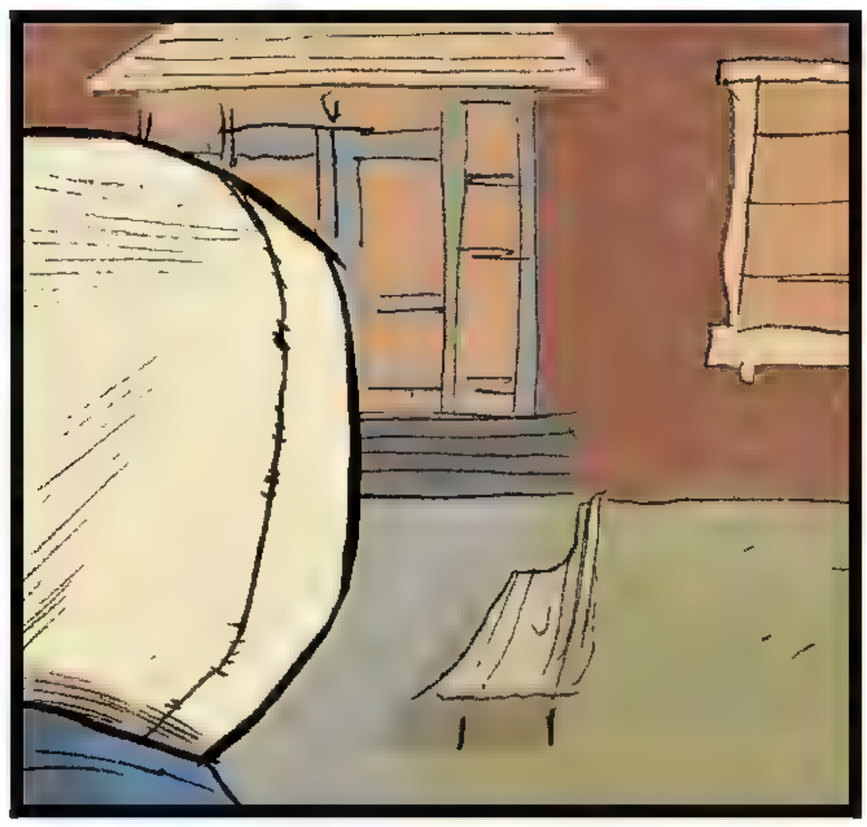


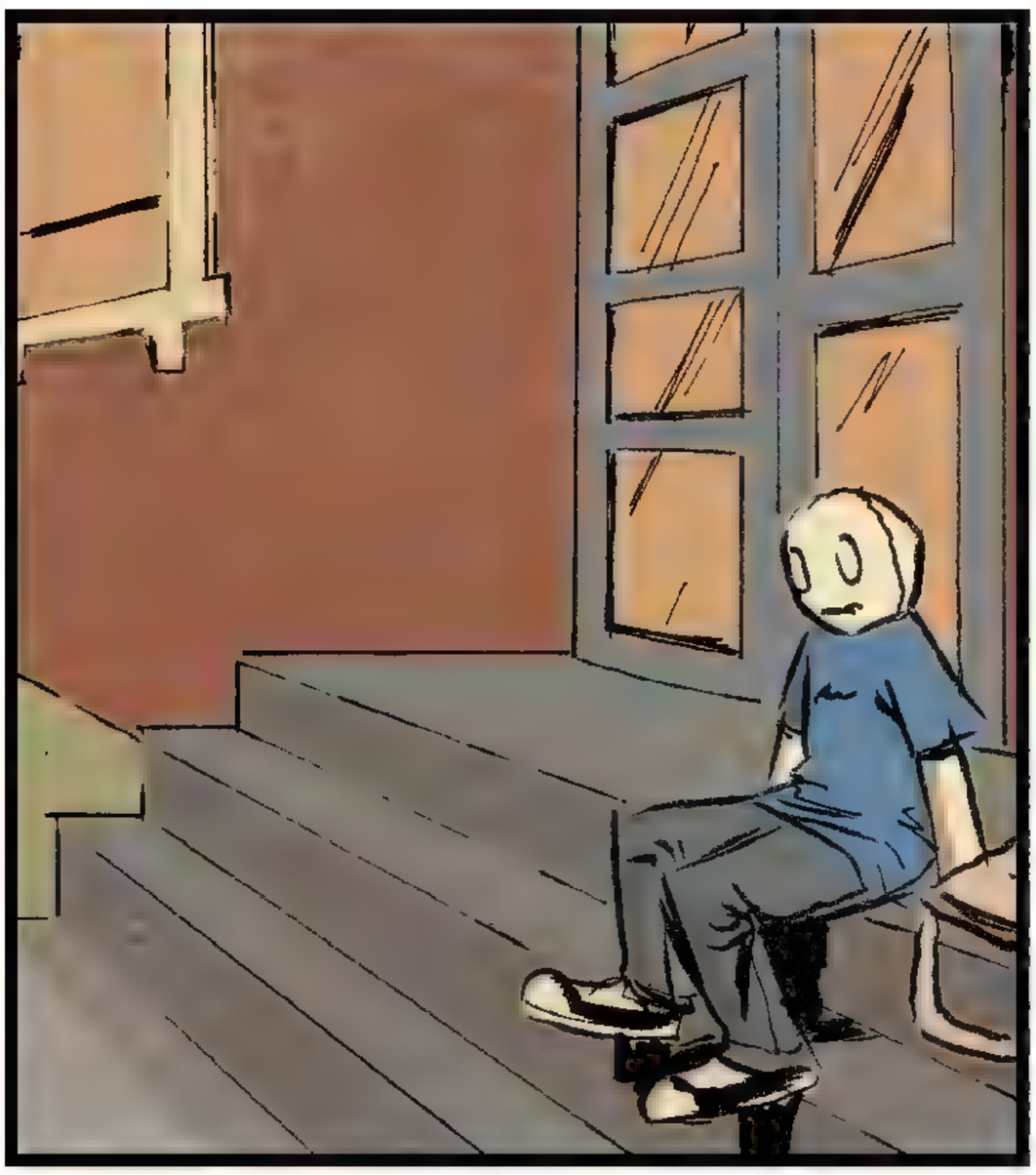

HRM.

MORE COMFORTABLE THAN I'D THINK.




20.00
ANDREW JACKSON
20.00
FW JACKSON
I HAD
8PM





REED
GUNTHER

ONE DENIM VEST.

ONE BLACK SHIRT.

ONE PAIR OF JEANS.

ONE PAIR OF WORK BOOTS, SIZE 12.

ONE BASEBALL CAP.

KEY RING, FIVE KEYS.

ONE WALLET, TWO DOLLARS INSIDE.

ONE CELLULAR PHONE.

ONE PACK OF CANDY CIGARETTES.

HUH.

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY SOLD THESE ANYMORE.

ONE MOUSE TRAP.

ONE STEEL NAIL.

SON, WHY DO YOU HAVE A NAIL AND A MOUSE TRAP IN YOUR POCKET?

AND AS I POUND THIS SEVEN INCH GALVANIZED NAIL INTO MY SKULL, I COME WITHIN MICRONS OF PIERCING MY BRAIN.

NORMALLY I HAVE MY LOVELY ASSISTANT PULL THE NAIL OUT WITH HER TEETH.

BUT SINCE SHE IS NOT HERE...

NNNGH!

NOW, TO TEST OUR TRAP.

SNAP

AND NOW WITH YOUR HELP.

MY TURN.

KIDS: DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME. DREW BLOOD IS A TRAINED PROFESSIONAL. SERIOUSLY. WE'D RATHER NOT SEE YOU GET HURT. WE LOVE YOU.

RACK

GASP

KNOCK KNOCK

YOU READY?

HUH?

WE CAN STILL MAKE THE CONCERT IF WE SKIP THE OPENING ACT.

THANK YOU, SIR.

I APPRECIATE YOU GETTING THE JUDGE TO COME IN AFTER HOURS.

NO PROBLEM.

JUST GET SOME BOLTS AND ATTACH THAT TAG, ASAP.

WE'LL SEE YOU IN COURT NEXT MONTH.

WILL DO.

I'LL MAKE SURE TO PUT YOU ON THE GUEST LIST FOR MY SHOW ON FRIDAY.

LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.

YOU LEFT THIS.

KEEP IT. IT CAME WITH THE TRUCK.

LET'S DO THIS!

OKLAHOMA HERE WE COME.

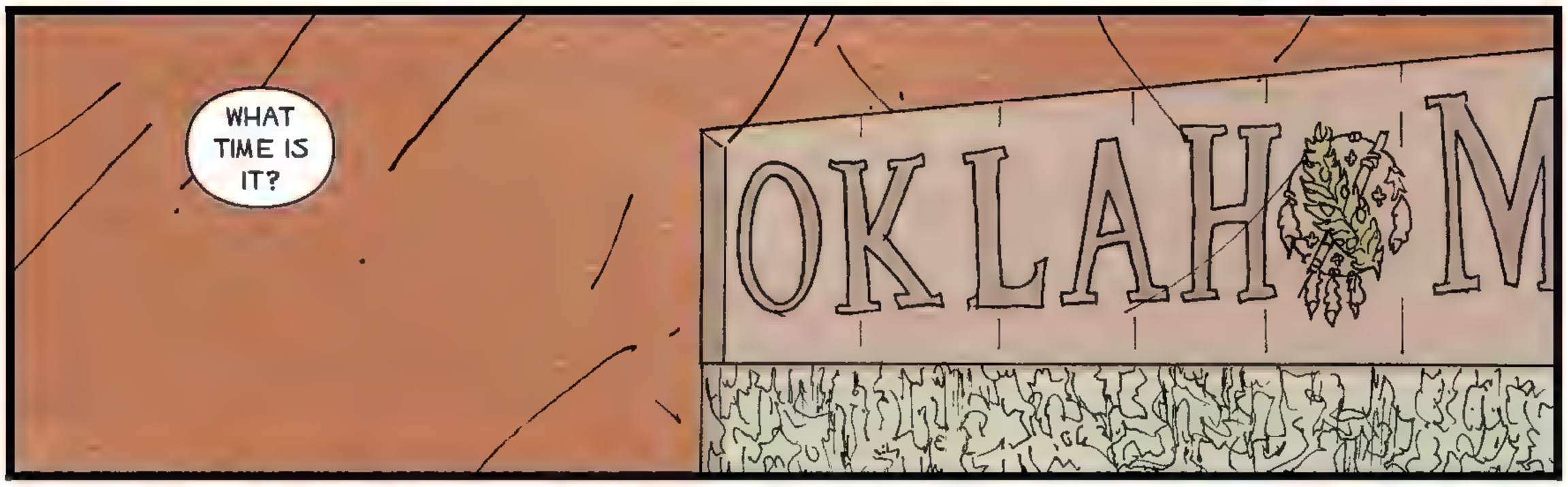
CARTOON MILITIA

STEVE ROLSTON

CHAPTER THREE:

"WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO ROCK"

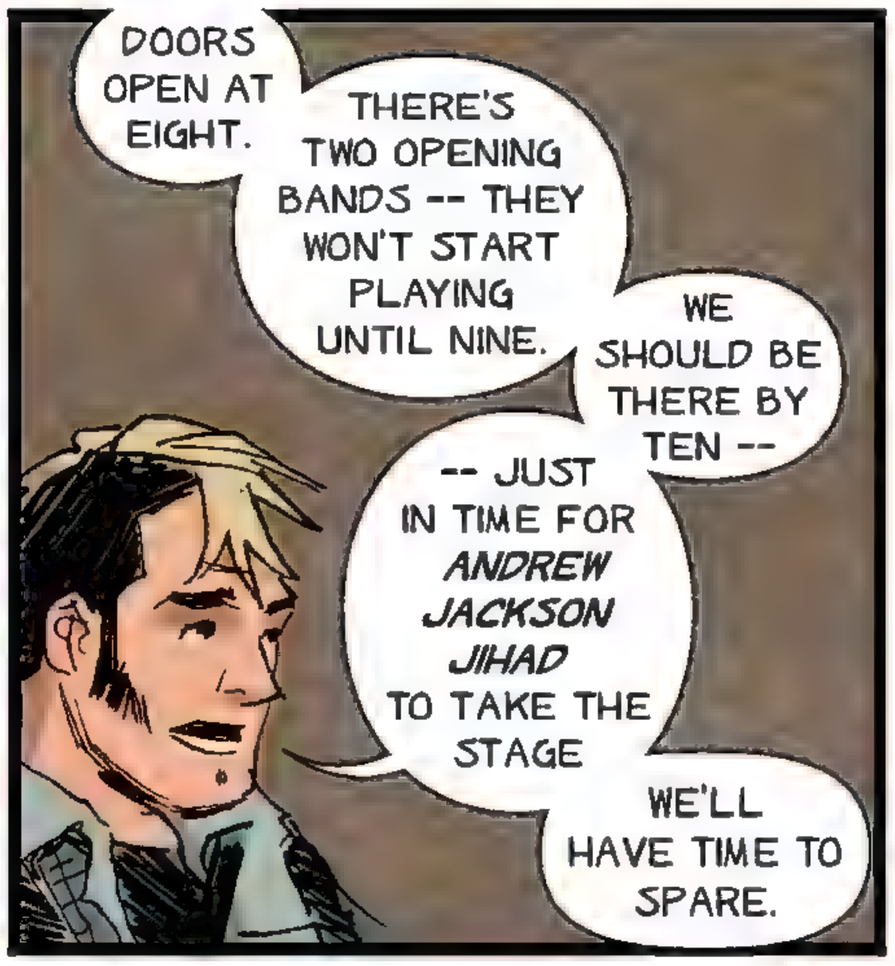
Dodge City
Wichita
Liberal
Enid
Perryton
Oklahoma City
Amarillo
Wichita Falls


WHAT TIME IS IT?
OKLAHOMA

JUST ABOUT SEVEN-FORTY.

DESPITE MY IMPROMPTU JAIL HOUSE PERFORMANCE, WE'RE STILL MAKING GOOD TIME.
GOOD.

DO YOU REALLY THINK WE CAN MAKE IT TO OKC IN TIME FOR THE CONCERT?


DOORS OPEN AT EIGHT.
THERE'S TWO OPENING BANDS -- THEY WON'T START PLAYING UNTIL NINE.
WE SHOULD BE THERE BY TEN --
-- JUST IN TIME FOR *ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD* TO TAKE THE STAGE
WE'LL HAVE TIME TO SPARE.

DREW?
WHAT WAS IT LIKE IN JAIL?
THE SWEET TEA WAS PRETTY GOOD.

THANKS, DREW.

HUH?

I KNOW I HAVEN'T BEEN THE MOST FUN PERSON TO BE AROUND SINCE THIS WHOLE THING WITH JAZZ WENT DOWN.

I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU TAKING THE TIME TO TRY AND HELP ME FEEL BETTER.

NO PROBLEM.

I REALLY NEEDED THIS.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

ABOUT JAZZ, I MEAN.

YOU TWO GONNA STAY FRIENDS?

I DON'T KNOW.

I GUESS -- IN HER MIND, AT LEAST -- THAT'S ALL WE EVER WERE.

I REALLY DO LIKE HANGING OUT WITH HER.

IT'S GONNA BE WEIRD NOW, THOUGH.

I JUST DON'T WANT TO BECOME HER "DUCKIE."

I DON'T WANT TO STAY BY HER SIDE AND WISH AND WISH TO ACTUALLY BE WITH HER.

I DON'T WANT TO WHISPER "I LOVE YOU" WHENEVER SHE LEAVES THE ROOM.

I DON'T WANT TO WAIT AROUND FOR HER TO REALIZE MY WORTH.

THAT GUY IS DESPICABLE --

-- ONLY BEING HER FRIEND WITH THE HOPE FOR MORE.

I DON'T WANT TO BE *THAT GUY.*

I SEE YOU AS MORE OF A LLOYD-DOBLER-TYPE, MYSELF.

YOU THINK SO?

YEAH.

DEFINITELY.

WELL, I *DO* THINK KICKBOXING IS THE SPORT OF THE FUTURE.

CRAP.

I CAN'T SEE A THING.

I SHOULD HAVE PROBABLY CHECKED OUT THESE WINDSHIELD WIPERS AFTER I BOUGHT THIS TRUCK.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THIS TRUCK?

LITTLE OVER A YEAR --

BUT WHEN'S THE LAST TIME IT RAINED IN AMARILLO?

SORRY, MAN.

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PULL OVER AND SEE IF WE CAN WAIT OUT THE RAIN.

Gas N Go!

Gas N Go!

CANDY

FOOD

SODA

I'VE GOTTA RUN IN --

YOU WANT ANYTHING?

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

ZT! VZZT!

VZZT! VZZ

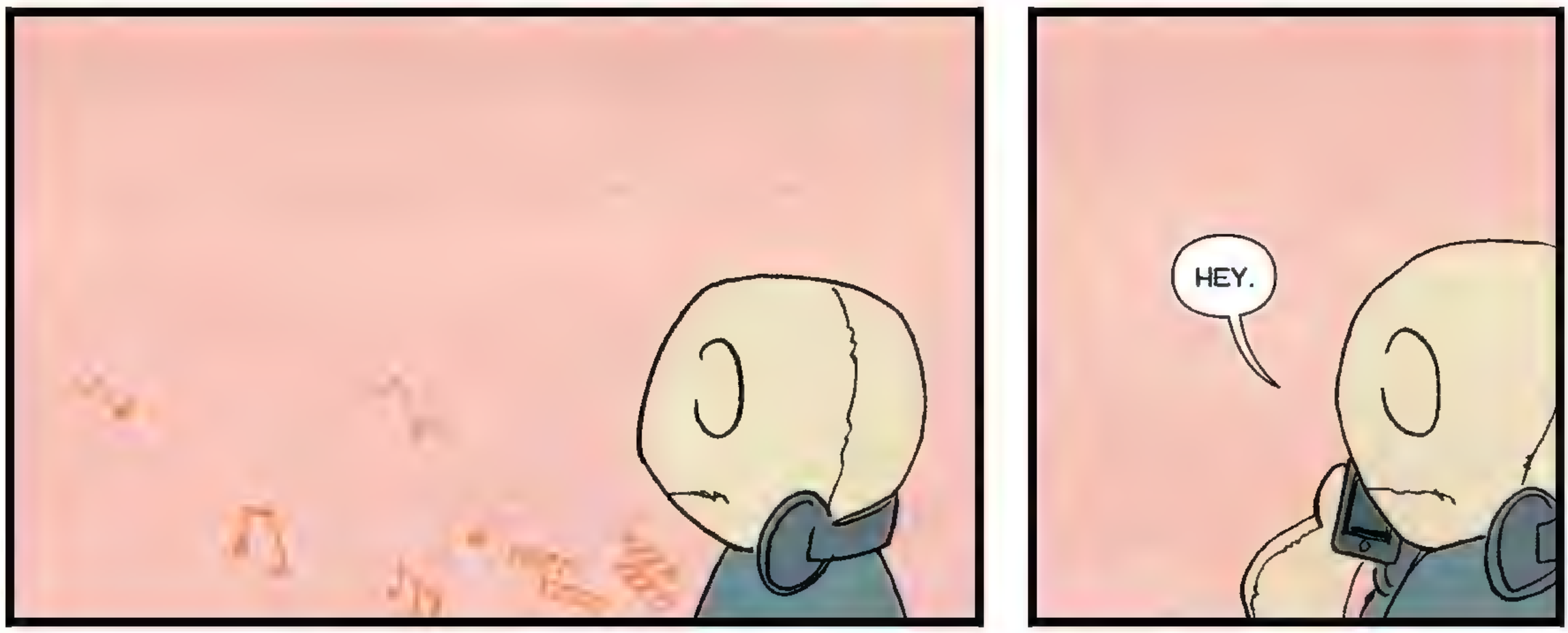
VZZT! VZ

WOW.

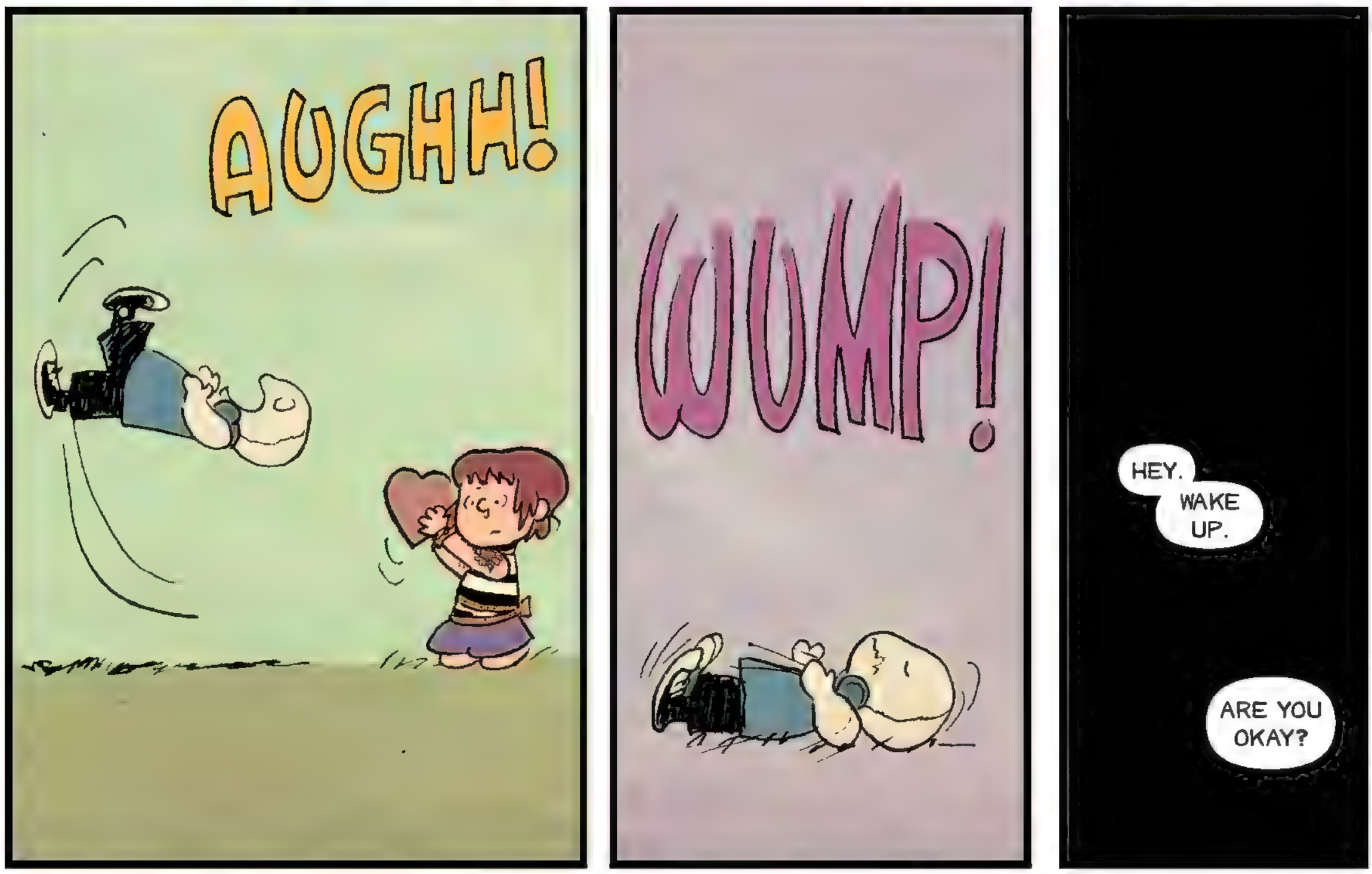
THAT'S A LOT OF RAIN.

I THINK WE HAVE TO TURN AROUND.

SIGH


HEY.

HOW WAS THE CONCERT?
DISASTROUS.
WE NEVER EVEN MADE IT TO THE SHOW.
LAME.
WANNA HANG OUT?
COME GET MY HEART, LDB.


AUGHH!
WUMP!
HEY.
WAKE UP.
ARE YOU OKAY?

HUH?

I FELL ASLEEP.

WE'RE HERE.

I'M SORRY THIS ROAD TRIP HAS BEEN SUCH A DISASTER.

IT'S COOL.

YOU DID YOUR BEST.

I REALLY APPRECIATE IT.

THANKS.

I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

WAIT.

WHAT?!

YEAH.

I DECIDED TO POWER THROUGH AND DRIVE BLIND IN THE RAIN.

THANKFULLY, WE DIDN'T DIE.

I COULDN'T LET YOU DOWN, AGAIN.

NOW, LET'S GO SEE US SOME ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD!

YOU CAN HOPE IT GETS BETTER.

YOU CAN FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS.

BUT HOPE IS FOR PRESIDENTS AND DREAMS ARE FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SLEEPING.

MY FRIEND AARON SAYS IT BEST,

"WE'RE ALL TWO OR THREE BAD DECISIONS AWAY FROM BECOMING THE ONES WE FEAR AND PITY."

TONI SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT TO BEAR SOME WITNESS WHEN YOU CAN.

AND THAT'S NOT HARD TO DO IN THE CITY THAT I LIVE IN.

YOU DON'T HAVE IT ANY BETTER.

YOU DON'T HAVE IT ANY WORSE.

YOU'RE AN IRREPLACEABLE HUMAN SOUL WITH YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IT MEANS TO SUFFER.

AND THAT'S A HUUUUUUU-UUUUGE BUMMERRRRRRR...

THAT'S OUR LAST SONG TONIGHT.

THANK YOU GUYS FOR COMING OUT.

GOOD NIGHT!

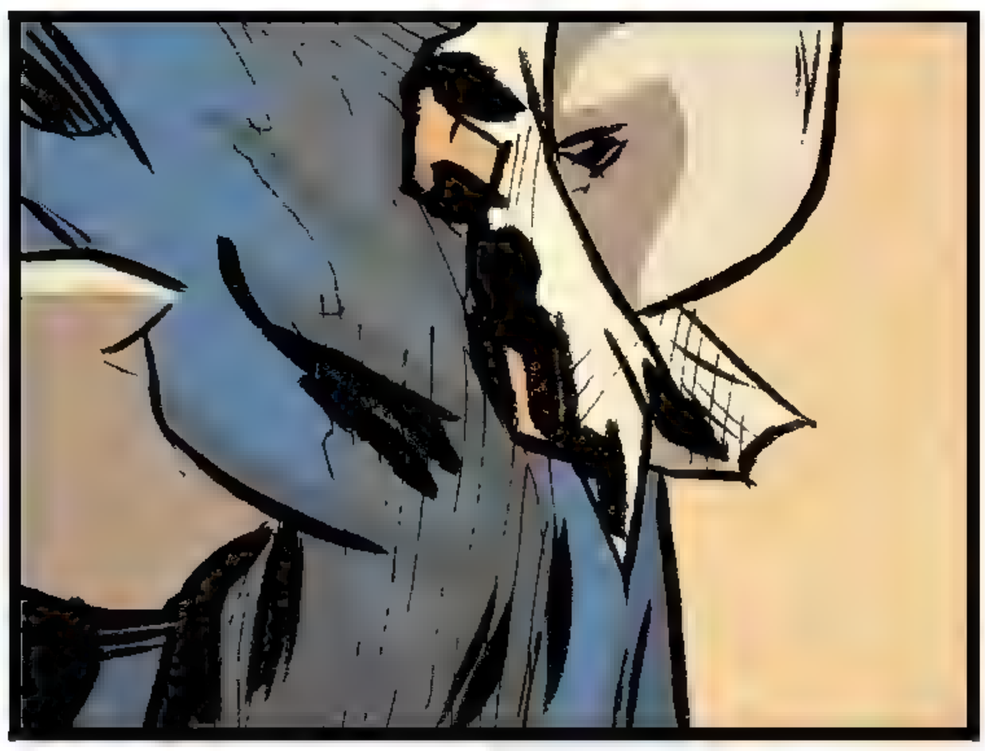
I'M GOING TO GO OUT AND GET SOME FRESH AIR.

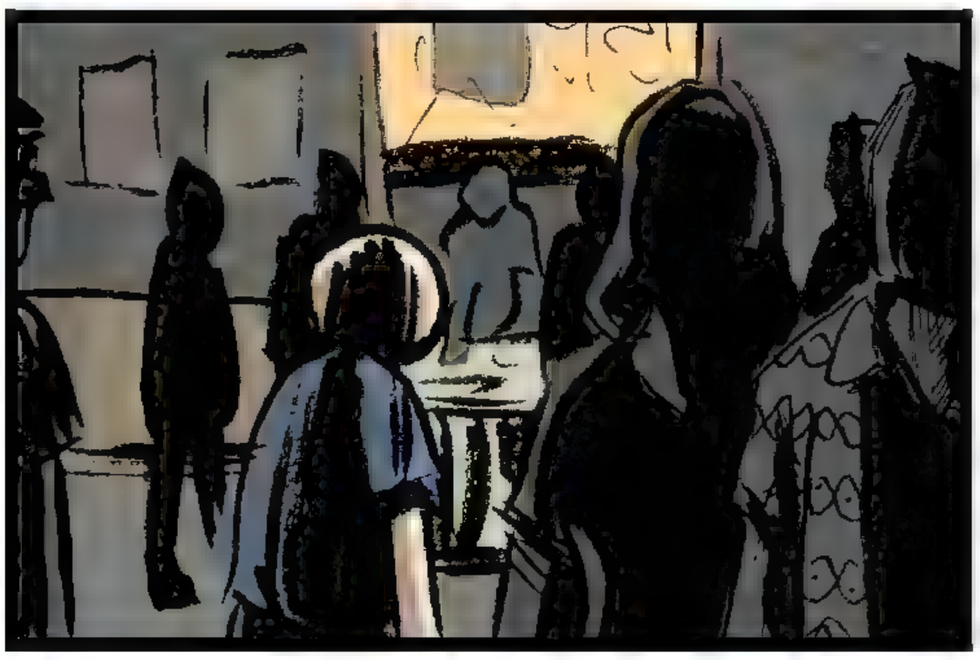
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE TRUCK.

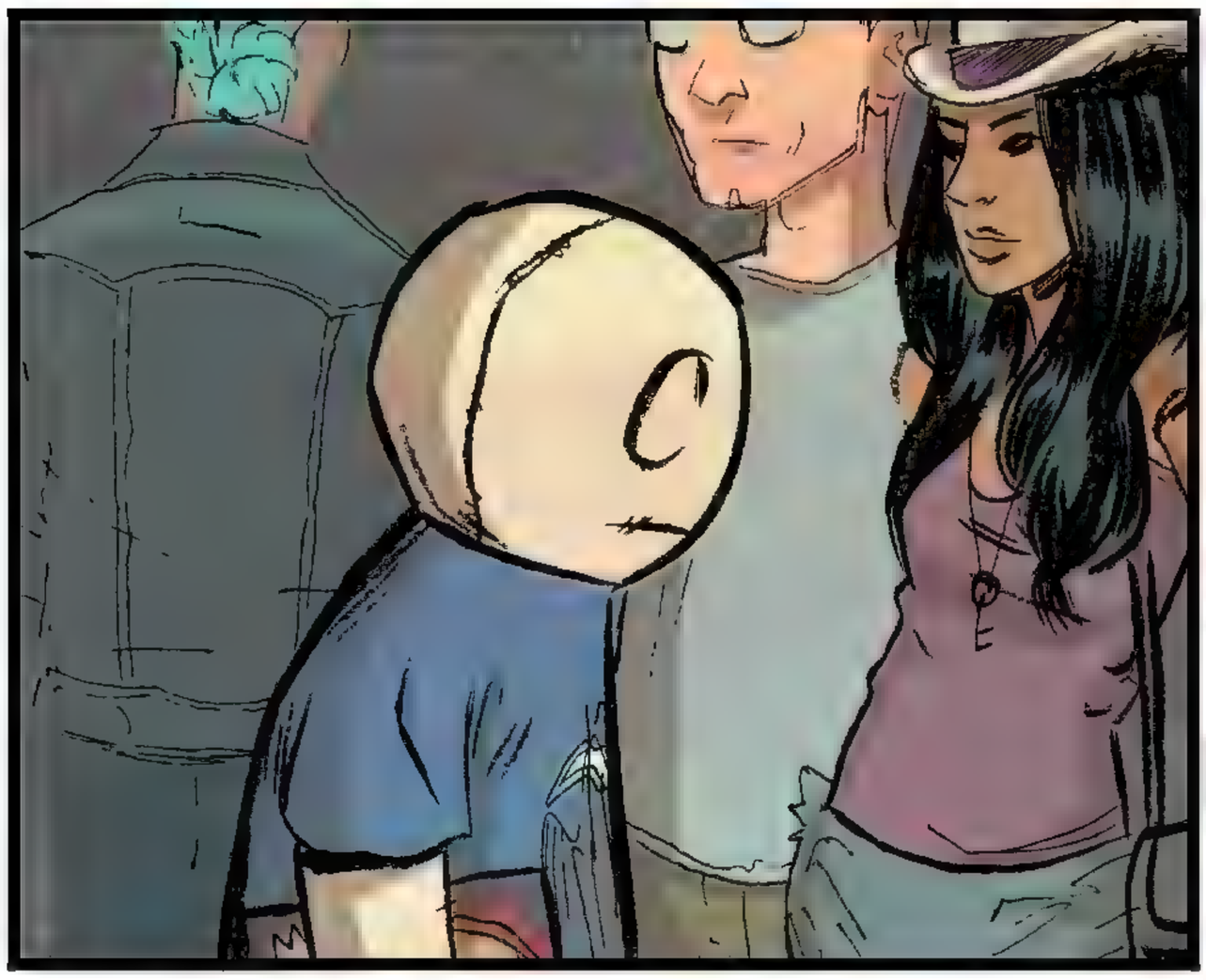
SORRY, DUDE!

DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!

KE-D,

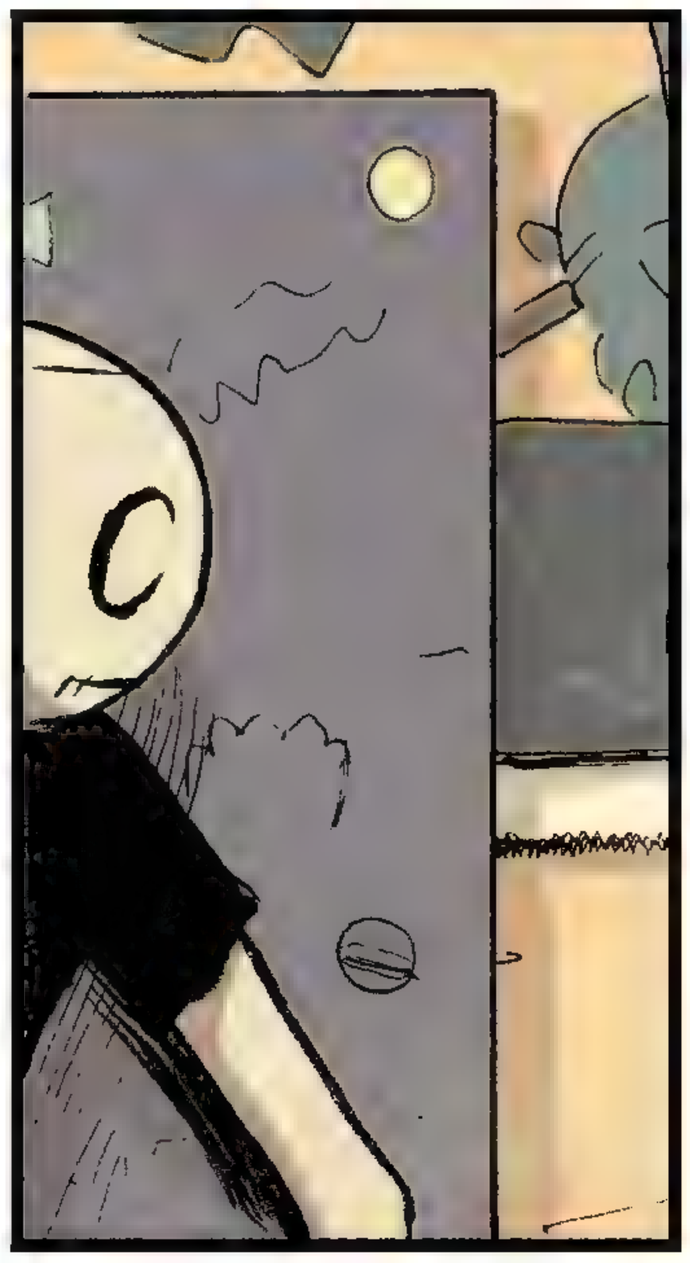


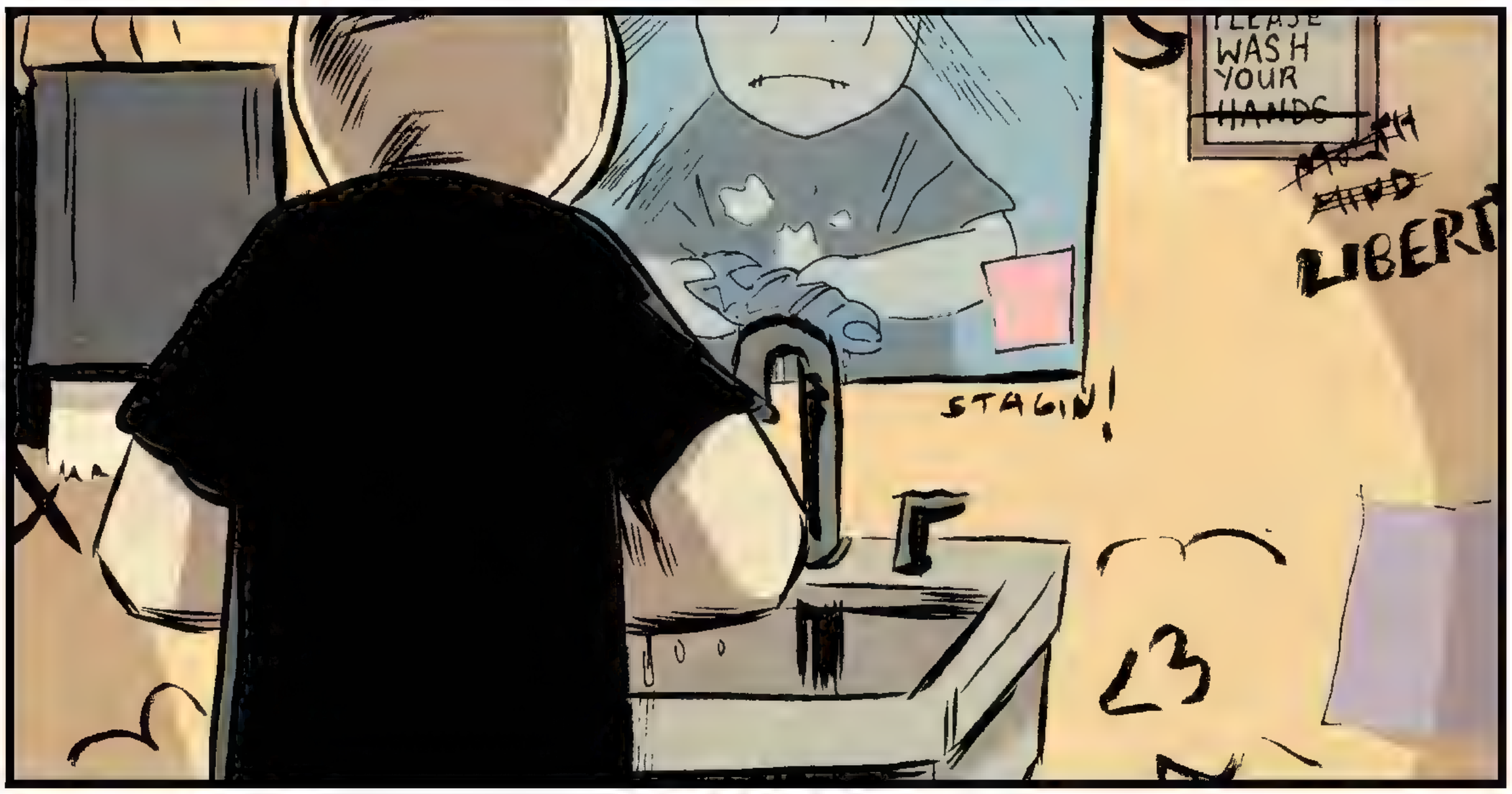




FOR A
GOOD TIME
CALL
[redacted]
1555-1763

AARON JACKSON
JIHAD




PLEASE
WASH
YOUR
HANDS
LIBERT
STAGIN!

ONE MORE SONG

ONE MORE SONG!

ONE MORE SONG!

ONE MORE SONG.

ONE MORE SONG.

IS IT OKAY IF WE CHOOSE?

ENCORES ARE REALLY SILLY.

AND IF YOU THINK YOU ARE BETTER THAN ME, YOU'RE RIGHT.

THERE'S NO ONE TO LOVE, THERE'S NO ONE TO TRUST IN MY LIFE.

I WANNA TEAR OUT MY HEART.

AND GIVE IT AWAY TO A PERSON MORE DESERVING ONE DAY.

IF ALL I SEE IS THE WORST IN EVERYTHING --

THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO GET.

THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO GET.

THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO GET.

M°K''

CHAPTER FOUR:

"IN A WORLD OF GHOSTS..."

I'LL HAVE *THE RANCH HAND'S* BREAKFAST.

OH.

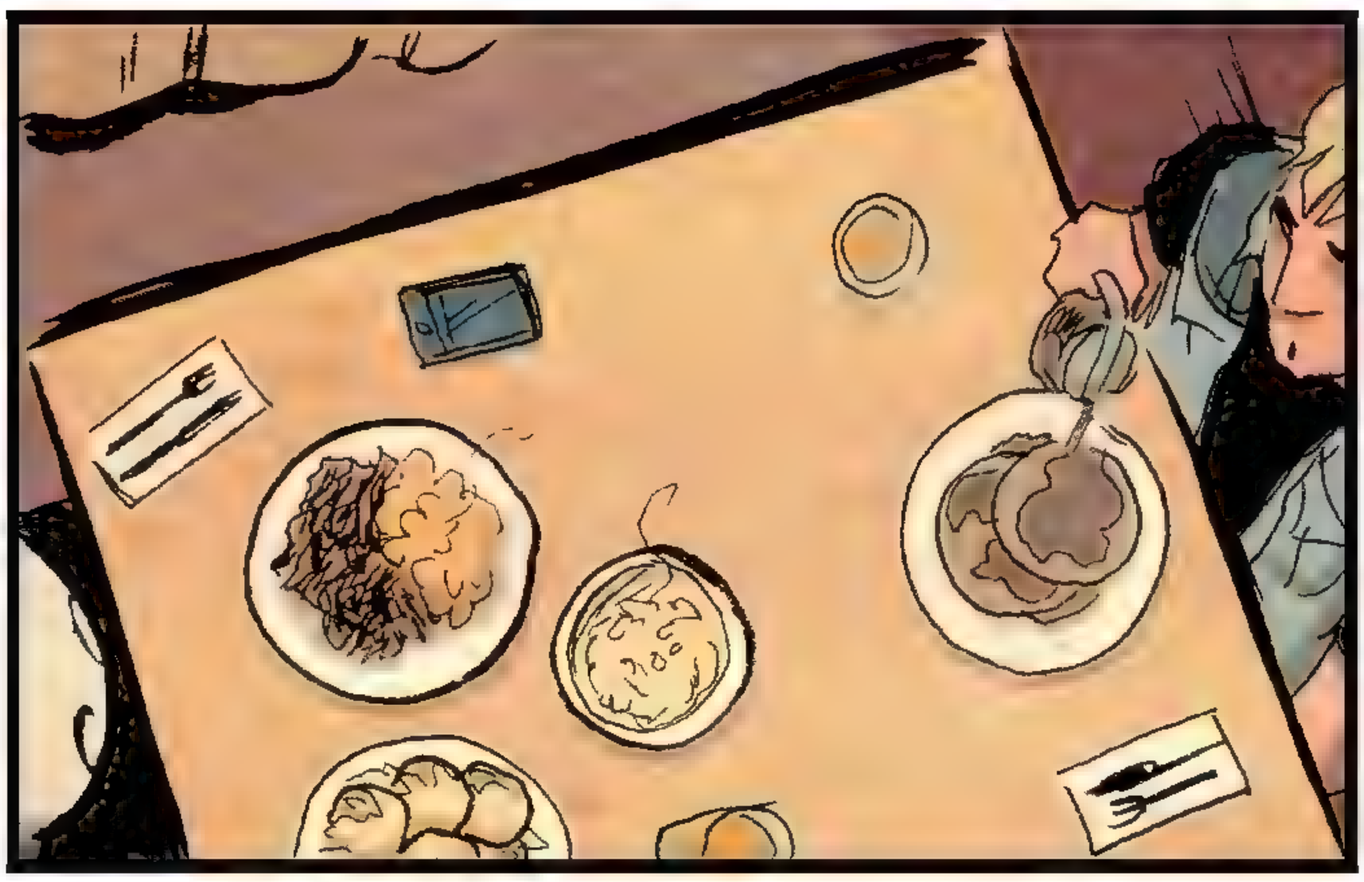
INSTEAD OF SAUSAGE CAN I HAVE MORE BACON?

YOU BET.

AND WHAT CAN I GET YOU, HON?

JUST AN ORDER OF PANCAKES.

NO BUTTER.



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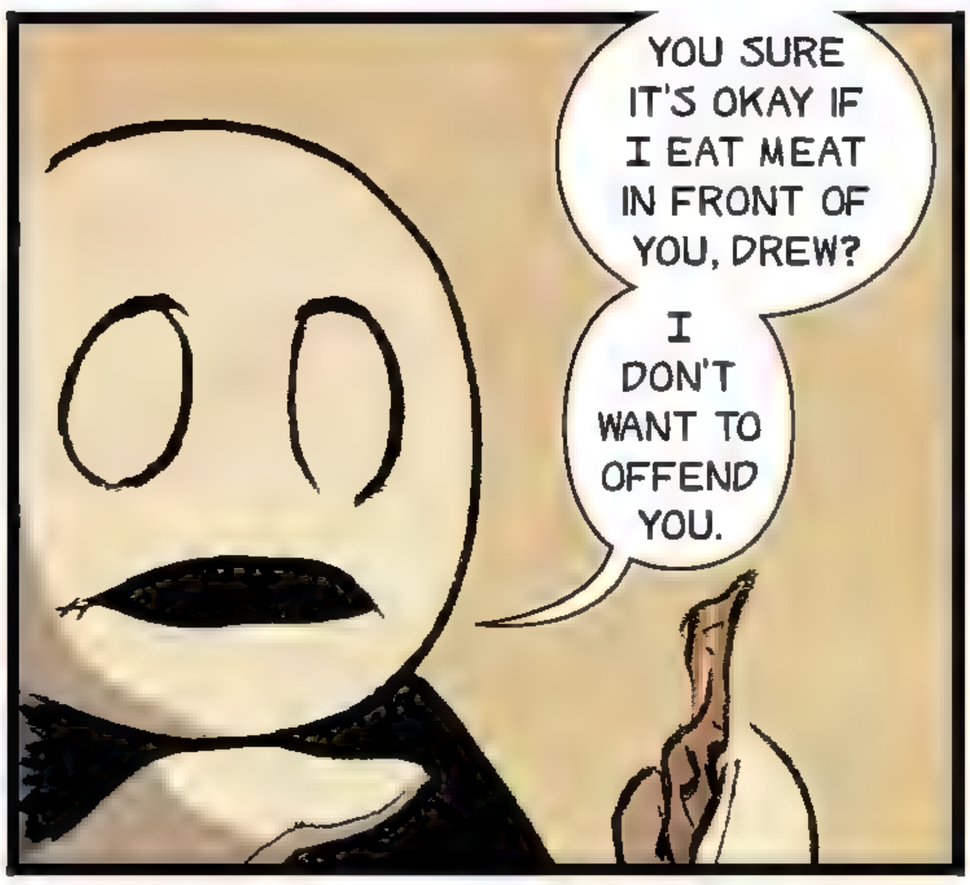
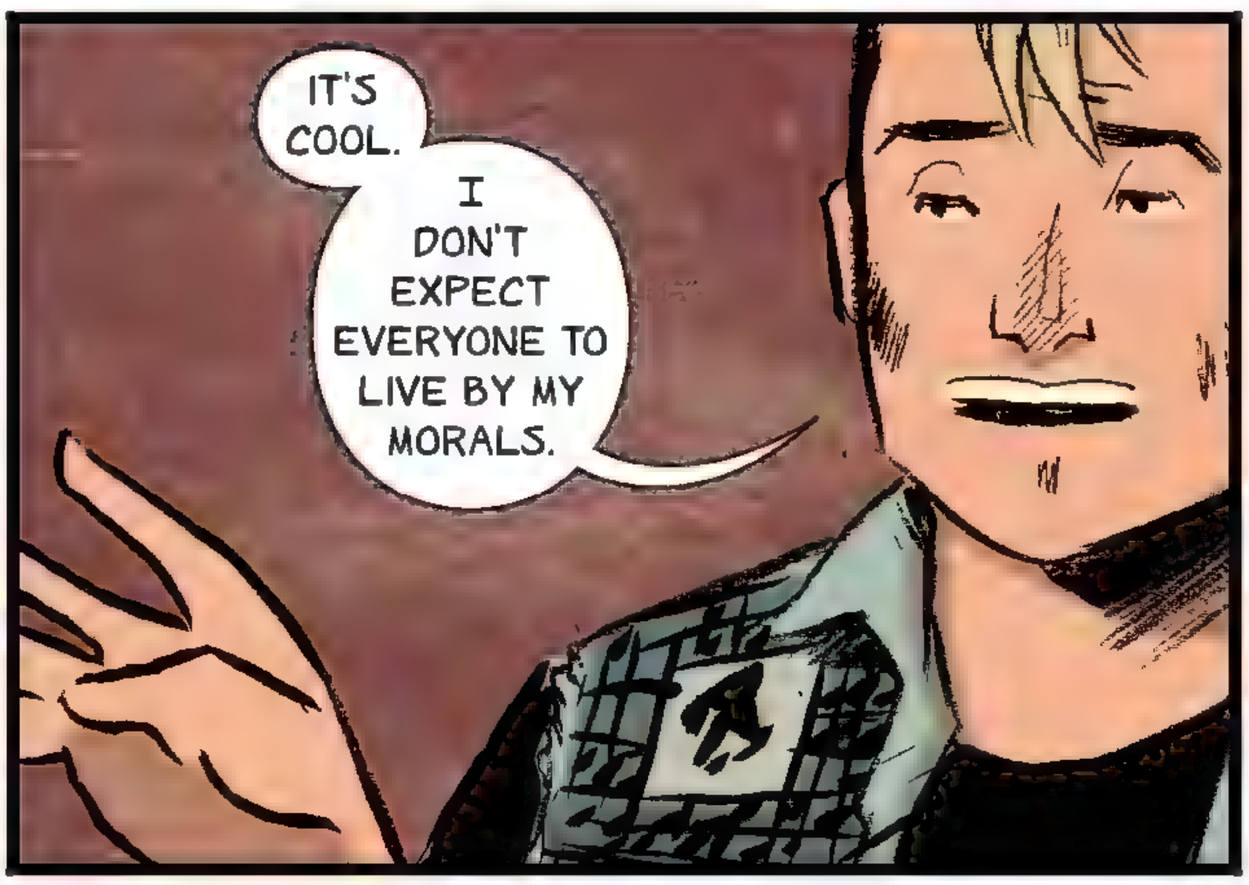
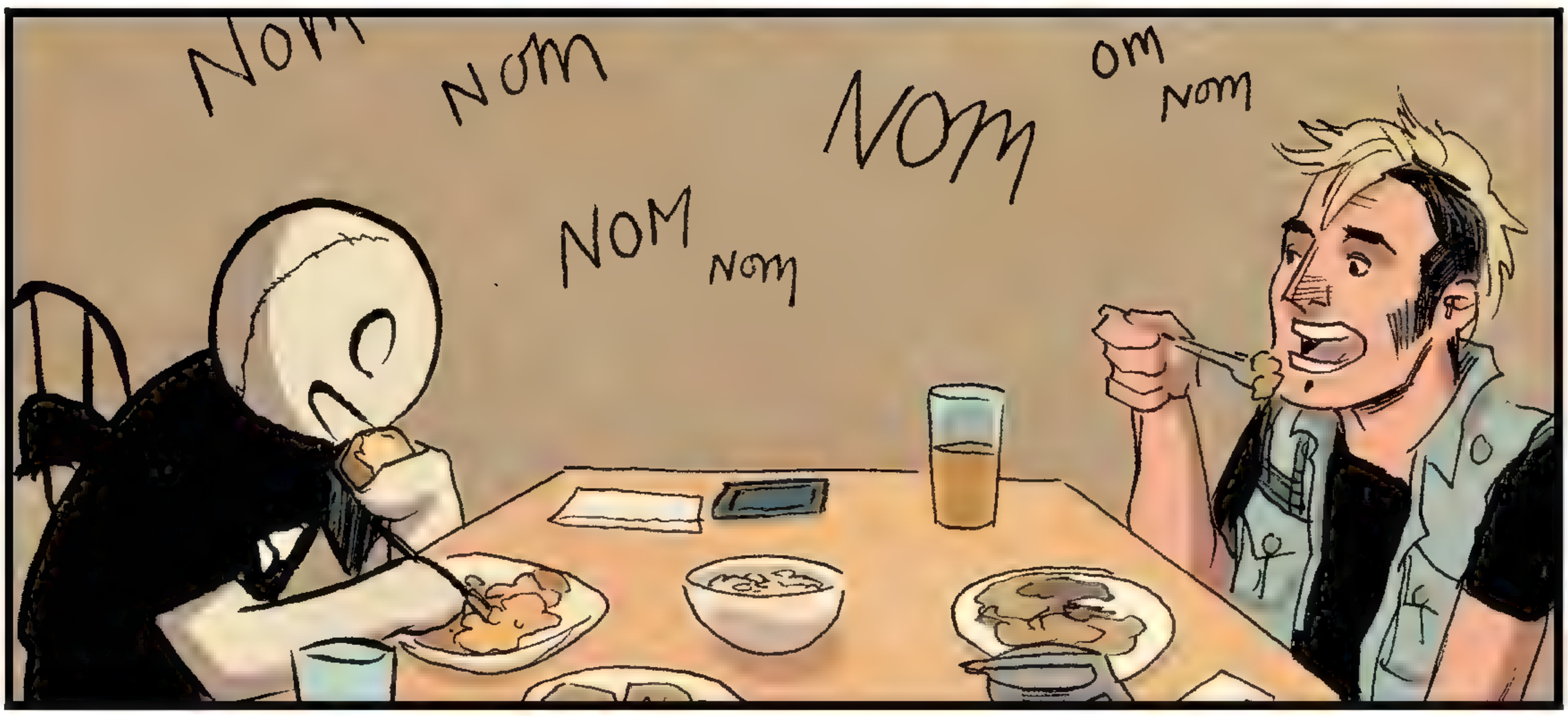

YOU SURE IT'S OKAY IF I EAT MEAT IN FRONT OF YOU, DREW?
I DON'T WANT TO OFFEND YOU.


IT'S COOL.
I DON'T EXPECT EVERYONE TO LIVE BY MY MORALS.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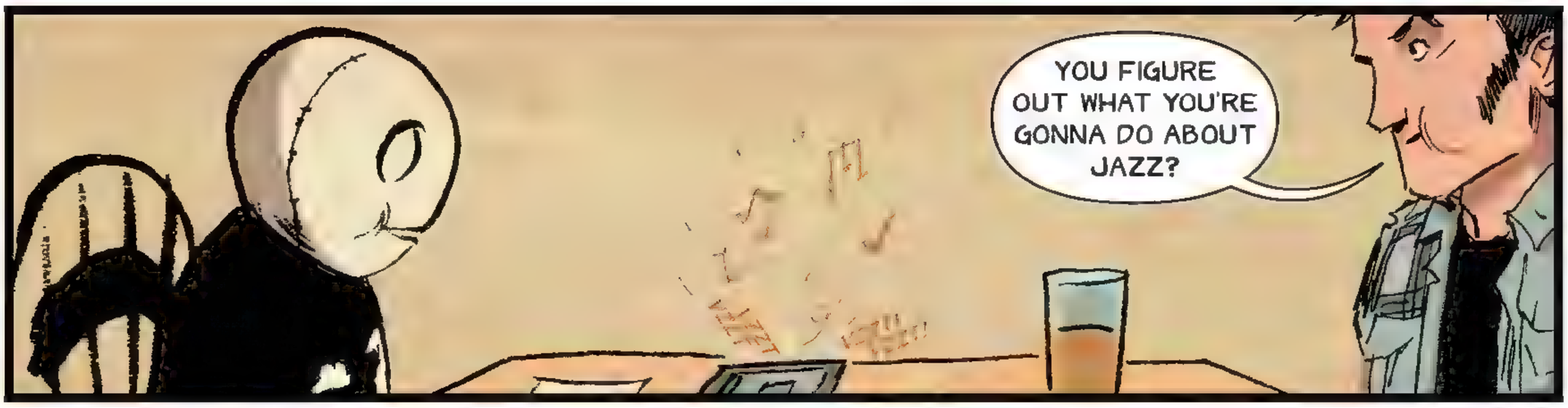
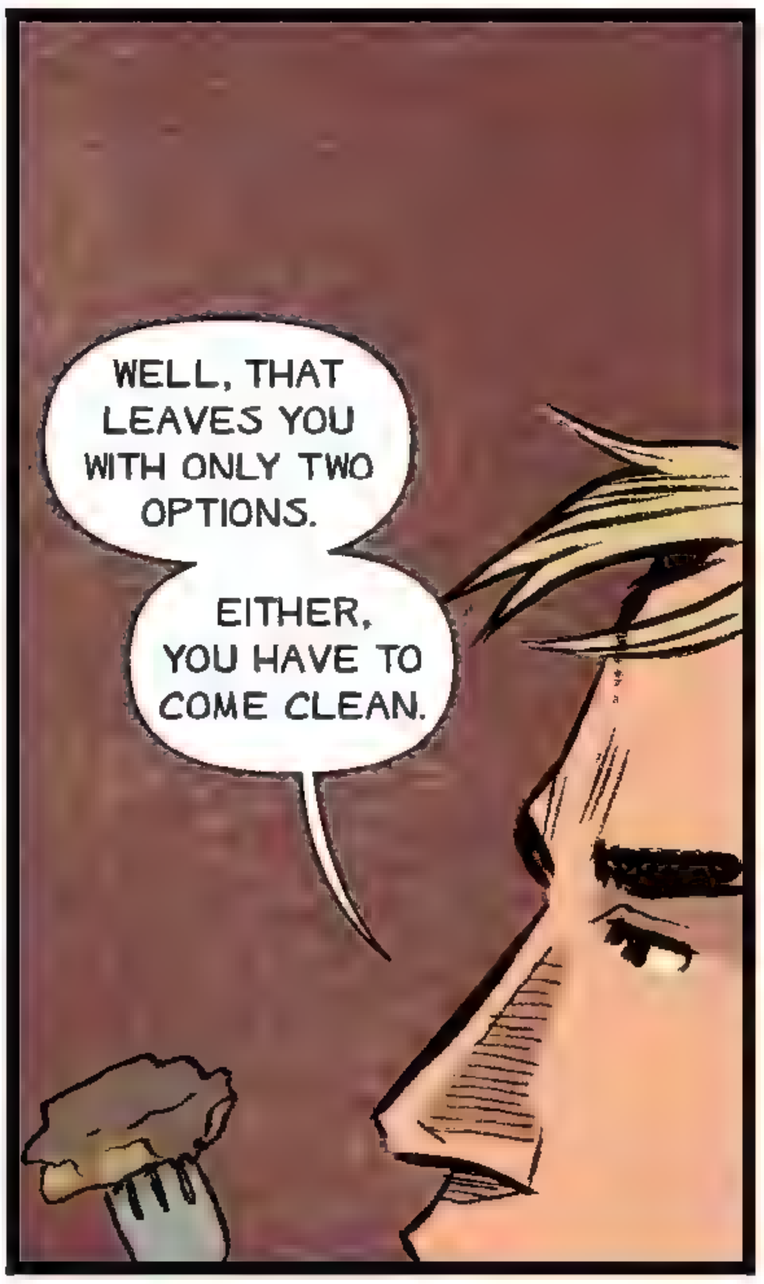

YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO ABOUT JAZZ?

I DON'T KNOW, YET.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW.

AND YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO DUCKIE DALE YOUR WAY THROUGH WITH PATIENCE?
YEAH.
NOT THAT.


WELL, THAT LEAVES YOU WITH ONLY TWO OPTIONS.
EITHER, YOU HAVE TO COME CLEAN.

STOP WAITING FOR HER TO JUST SHOW UP ON YOUR DOORSTEP READY TO LOVE YOU.
MAKE SOME FINAL GRAND GESTURE FOR HER AFFECTIONS.

STOP PLAYING IT VAGUE.
LET HER KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

SO I SHOULD STAND OUTSIDE OF HER WINDOW BLASTING FISHBONE?

YOU MEAN PETER GABRIEL?

ONLY IN THE FINAL EDIT.

OR YOU WALK AWAY.

WASH YOUR HANDS OF HER ONCE AND FOR ALL.

NOW, FOR THAT SORT OF THING, DO YOU SUGGEST A SPECIAL SCRUB OR WIOULD JUST SOAP AND WATER DO THE TRICK?

YOU KNOW I COULD HAVE JUST LEFT YOU IN OKC.

BUT THEN WHO WOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOUR BREAKFAST?

HON, DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER CARD?

THIS ONE WAS REJECTED.

WHAT?!

UHHH....

YOU SURE IT'S OKAY?

IT'S ALL GOOD.

JUST PAY ME BACK NEXT WEEK.

OR WHENEVER YOU CAN.

I'VE BEEN BROKE BEFORE, MYSELF.

Amarillo

CITY LIMIT

KEEP TEXAS
BEAUTIFUL
PROUD
Community

WHY'D WE BOTHER BRINGING SLEEPING BAGS IF WE WERE JUST GONNA DRIVE ALL NIGHT BACK HOME?

DUNNO.

OPTIONS?

K-CHUNK

UGH.

GET BACK IN.

WHAT DO I DO? WHAT DO I DO? WHAT DO I DO? WHAT DO I DO?

WHAT DO I DO!?

FIRST OFF, TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE BRAKE.

THEN, STEER.

OH.

WITH HOW THE REST OF THIS TRIP WENT, I'M SURPRISED SHE HELD UP THIS LONG.

GOOD TRIP, BUDDY.

YEAH.

THANKS FOR TAKING ME.

NO PROBLEM.

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO CRASH ON THE COUCH?

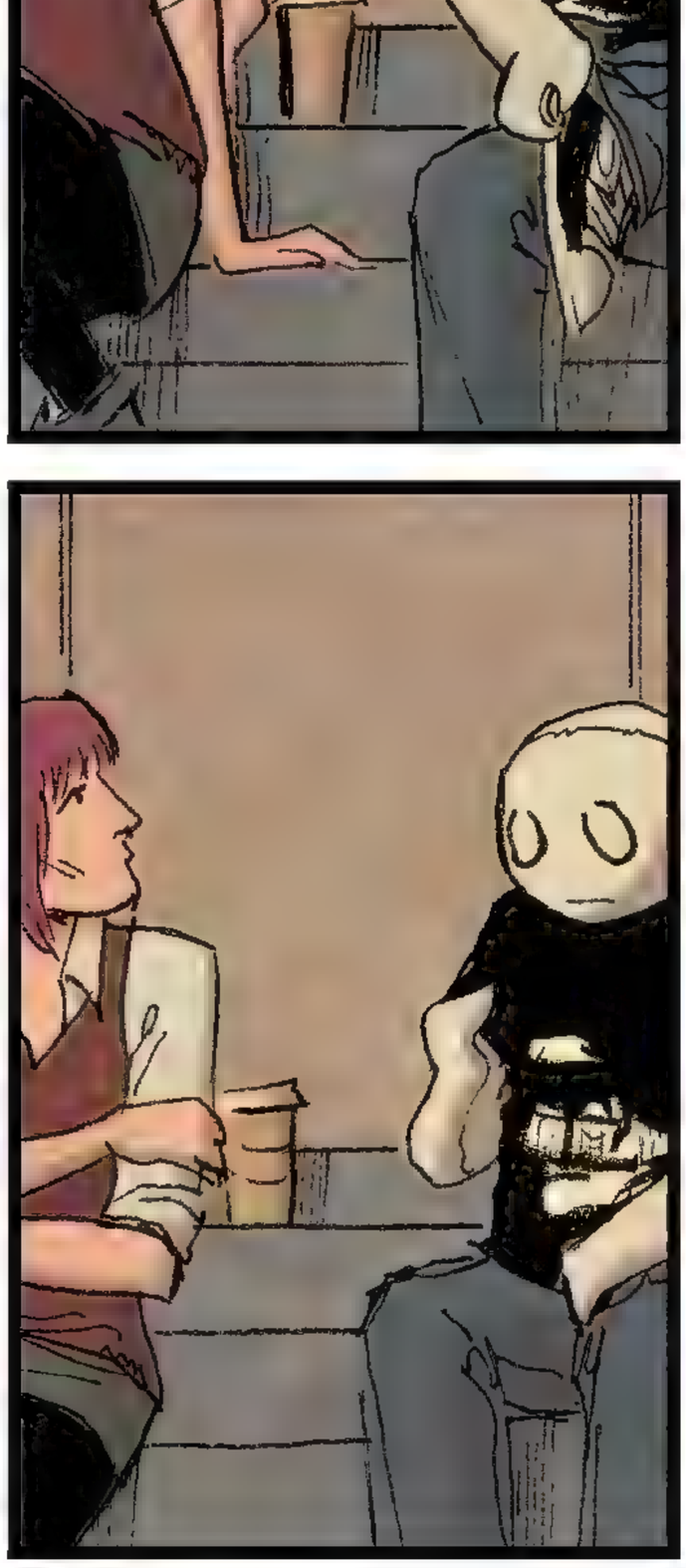
I'LL BE OKAY.

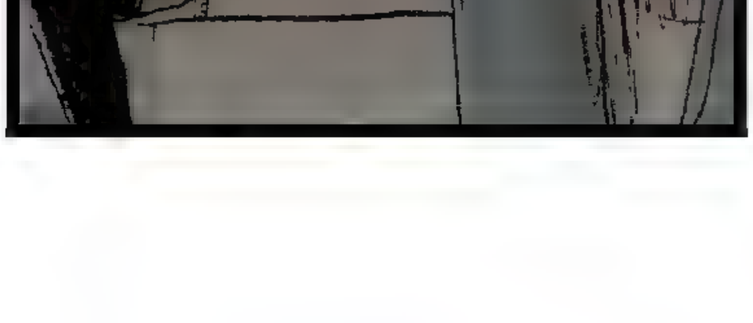
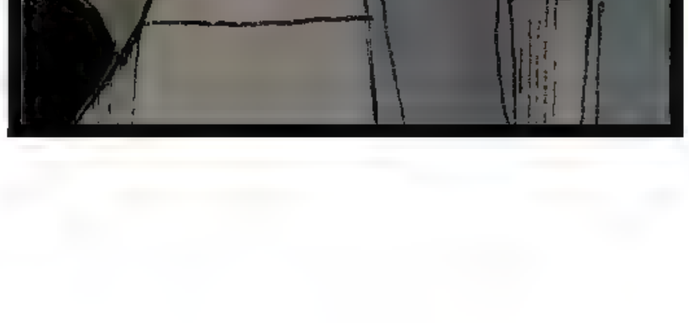
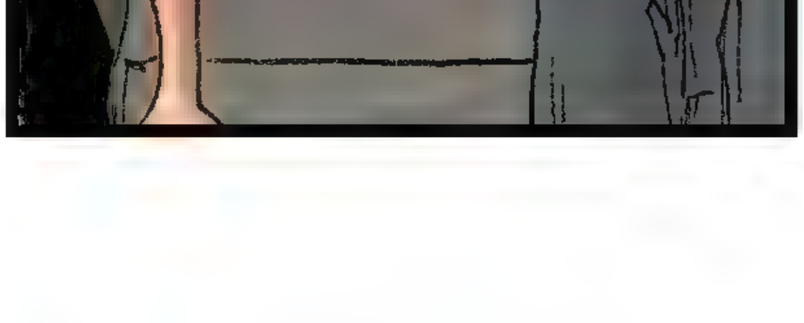
NAH.

I LIKE TO WALK.

HELLO?

HEY, JAZZ.






SO.
WHY ARE YOU AVOIDING MY CALLS?

DREW AND I WENT TO A CONCERT IN OKLAHOMA CITY.

MAN.

I'D LOVE TO GET OUT OF TOWN.

WHY WASN'T I INVITED?

IT WAS A SPUR OF THE MOMENT KIND OF THING.

SIGH

MAYBE NEXT TIME.

I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, LDB.

YEAH...

I NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP.

WE DROVE ALL NIGHT.

I HAVEN'T SLEPT.

ALRIGHT.

I'M SORRY.

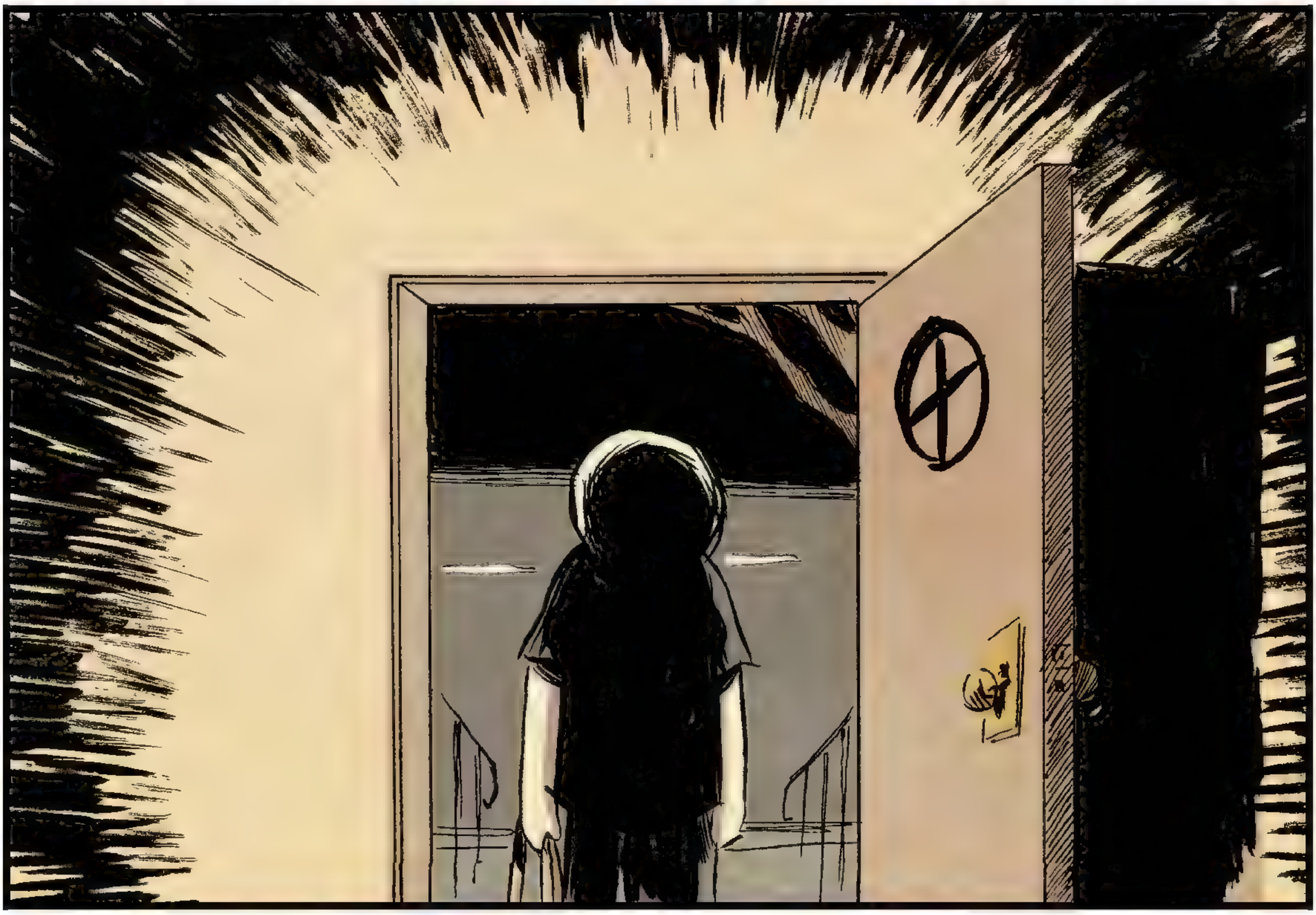
HUH?

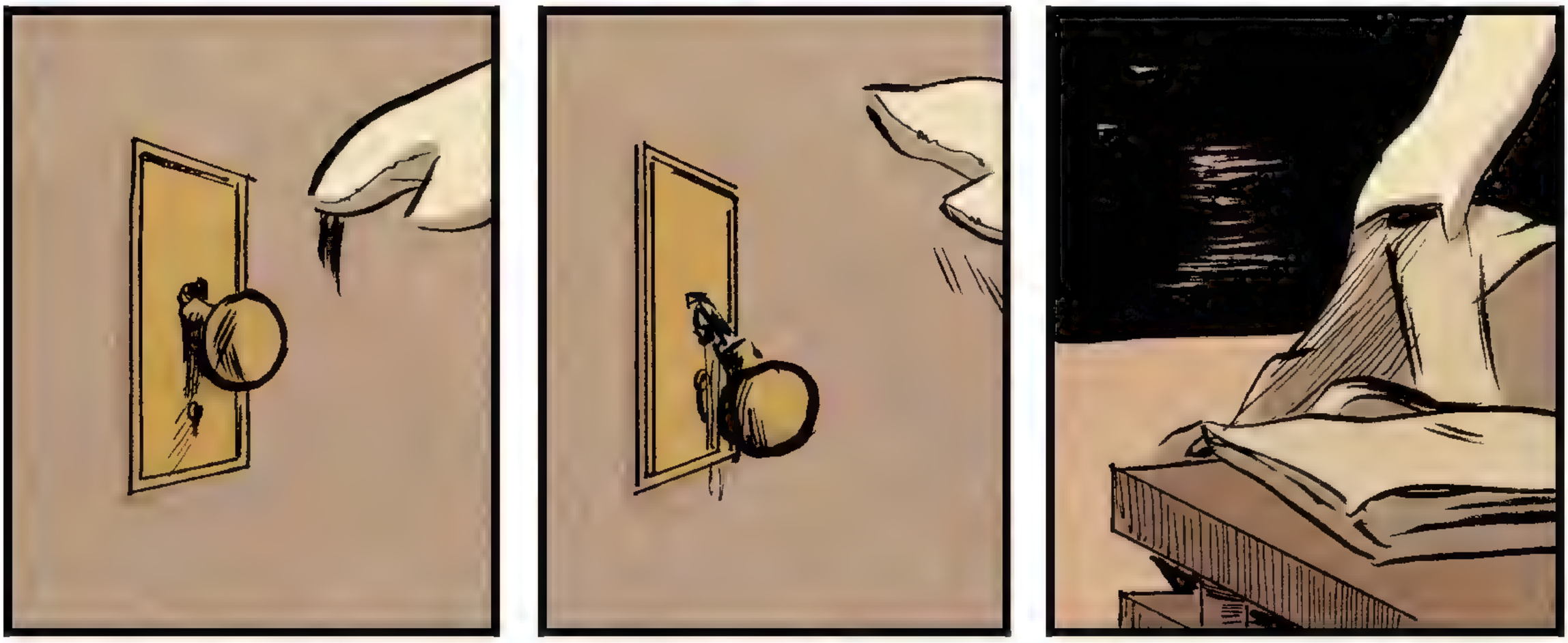
I HAD TO PEE.

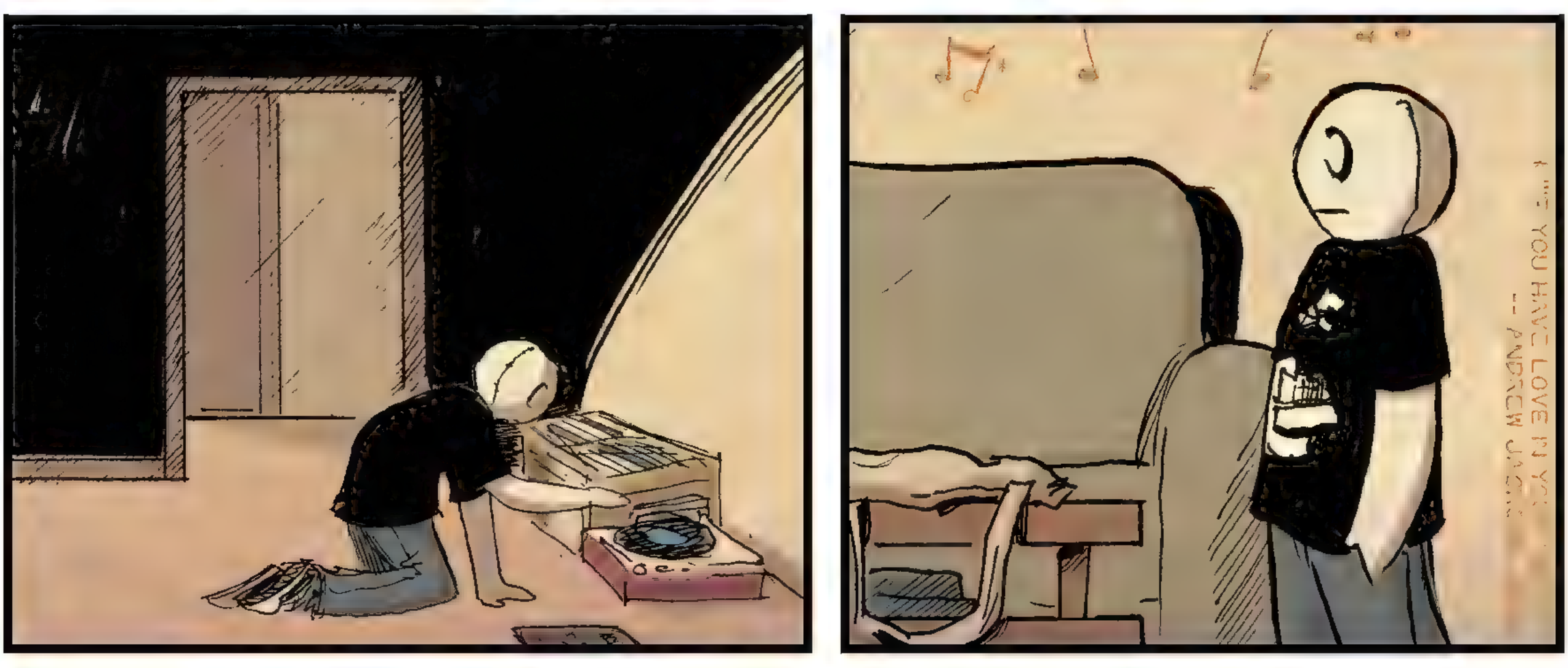
SIGH

IT'S ALRIGHT.

I'LL CALL SOMEONE TO FIX IT LATER.






I ♥ YOU HAVE LOVE IN YO
-- ANDREW JA

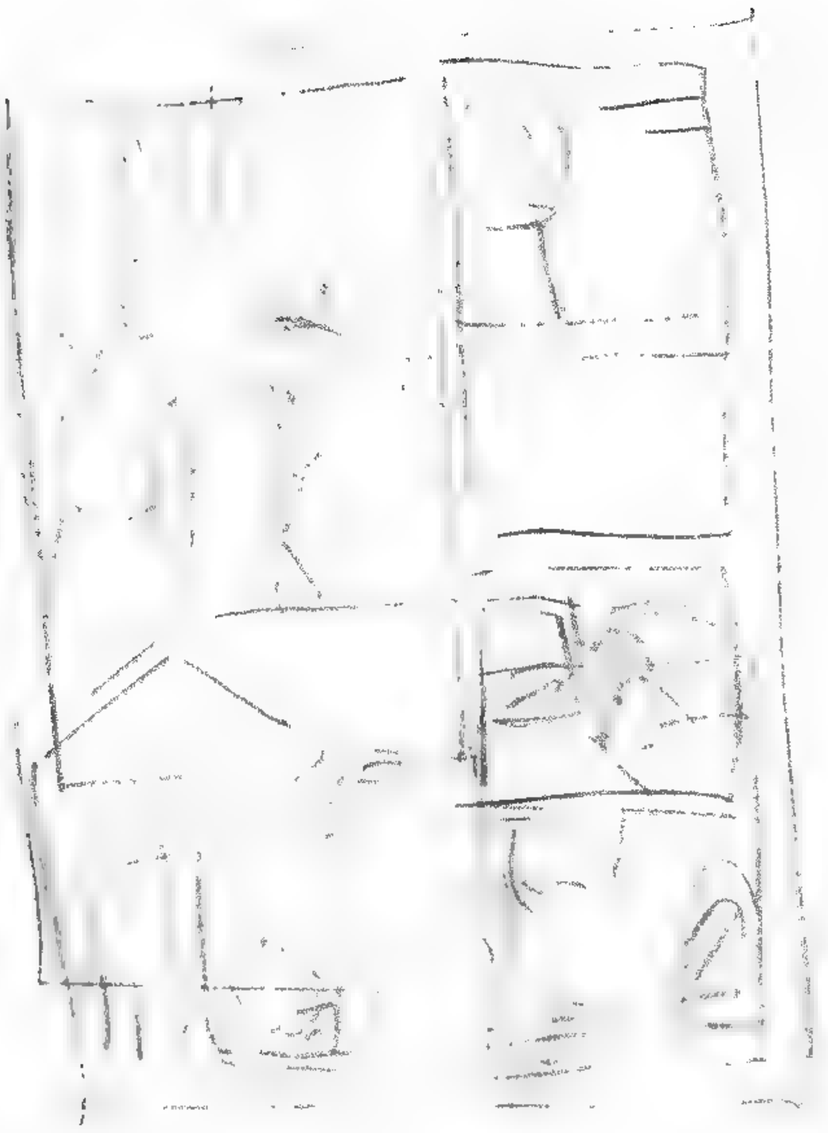
"BACK TO DRIVE"

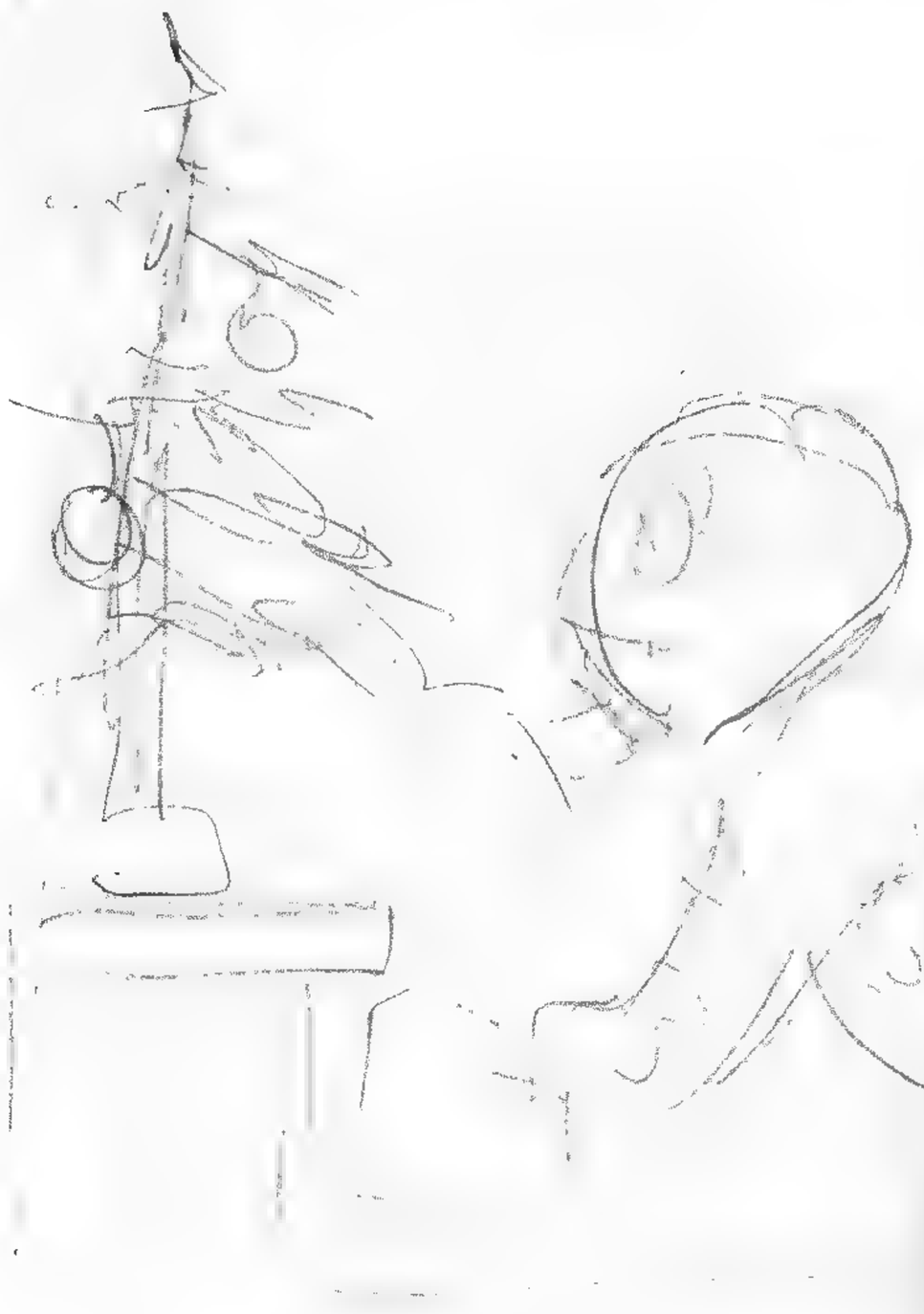
SKETCHES, PIN-UPS AND SURPRISES

Rouge

bon voyage!

DIE AIDS! DIE!





Fifteen

1 message

Ira Virus **Mon, Aug 1, 2011 at 3:22 PM**
To. Sina Grace

Page Fifteen

Panel One: LDB again. He's sitting in the same place as before, only now his satchel sits next to him. (ask for reference and I'll hook you up) LDB sits there, idly smacking the tickets against his other hand where he is holding onto his iPhone like a security blanket

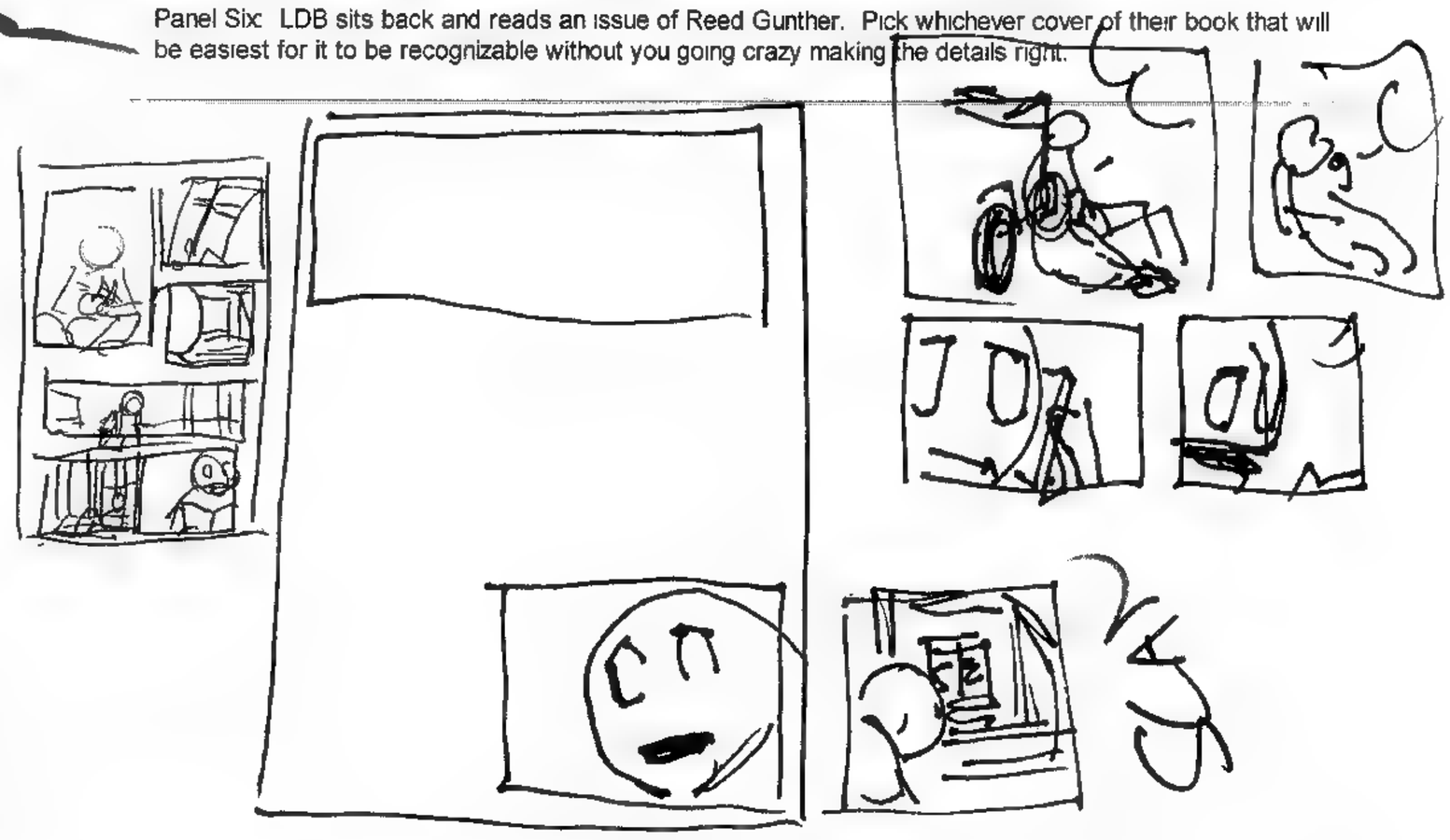
Panel Two LDB stops smacking against his hand again to look at them. "Andrew Jackson Jihad at the blah bblah blah " Make it look like a real ticket you've got somewhere LDB is still debating in his head of trying to find a ride to the show.

Panel Three. LDB looks towards the courthouse, concerned about Drew He knows he needs to give up the dream and be a good friend instead.

Panel Four: LDB picks up his bag and walks to the front of the building

Panel Five: LDB sits down on the front steps of the courthouse. (I don't have the reference in front of me, if there is no front steps, he sits under a tree) He reaches into the satchel.

Panel Six LDB sits back and reads an issue of Reed Gunther. Pick whichever cover of their book that will be easiest for it to be recognizable without you going crazy making the details right.



Twenty

1 message

Ira Virus **Mon, Aug 8, 2011 at 6:59 PM**
To: Sina Grace

Page Twenty

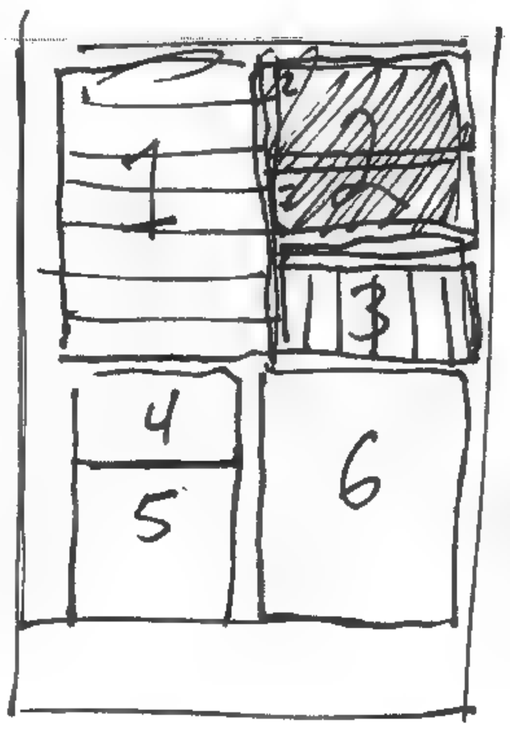
Panel One: Drew puts the truck into Drive.

Panel Two: Drew and LDB (WHO HAVE THEIR SEATBELTS ON) look out on the open road, feeling like they've won.

1 Drew: Oklahoma City, here we come.

Panel Three: We see the truck driving down the road towards the concert It's gone from a light sprinkle to a light rain, but the clouds have turned black with the upcoming storm. If you can sell this foreshadowing subtlely -- that would be awesome

Panel Six: The merch person hands LDB the shirt, and a twelve inch record of Knife Man, as LDB hands him some money with the other hand.



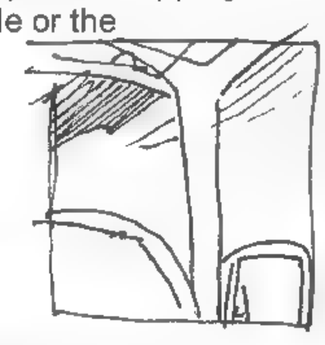
6 1-5
1 message

Ira Virus **Mon, Jun 27, 2011 at 5:39 PM**
To: Sina Grace

Page One

Panel One: POV shot from LDB. LDB stares forward, too scared to look back and see what is going on. However, he's really peeking through the rearview. We can see the top of his head and see the cop talking to Drew in the car. (Or maybe he has Drew sitting on the ground by the side of the road, but that seems like it might be too [illegible]ish for who is going to turn out to be the nicest cop in the world.) For this whole page, remember that LDB is distraught, but he's going to end up more distraught by page 5.

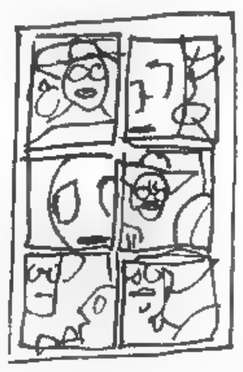
Panel Two: The cop now stands at LDB's window. We'll say it's rolled up. He's tapping on the glass. Do you think this shot would be better done from the inside or the outside? Seems more transitionary from the inside



Panel Three: LDB rolls down the window.

~~Page Two~~

Panel One: The cop speaks to LDB from the window. I think that maybe this whole sequence should be shot from inside the truck, to create a sense of claustrophobia. You do not need to get too creative on the angles. Maybe it's a static shot with one or two close-ups. The cop is pointing his thumb back to indicate to LDB that he's taking Drew to jail.



1 Cop: I'm going to have to take your friend in.
2 Cop: There is a warrant out for his arrest.

Panel Two: The cop looks at LDB and continues to talking.

3 Cop: Are you okay to drive?
4 LDB: No, sir.

Panel Three: The cop continues to talk to LDB. Seriously, these are boring panel descriptions. Hopefully you don't fall asleep reading them.

5 Cop: You mean you can't or you are unable to?

Happy Holidays

Li'l DEPRESSED BOY SIGNING ✤ CONCERT

"SHE IS STAGGERING"

FEATURING

RAW GERONIMO

GRAND LAKE

TIMOTHY RABBIT

SLEATER-KINNEY
SLEATER-KINNEY
SLEATER KINNEY

=Z=
2011

SUPER TROOP

GMC

BURTILL

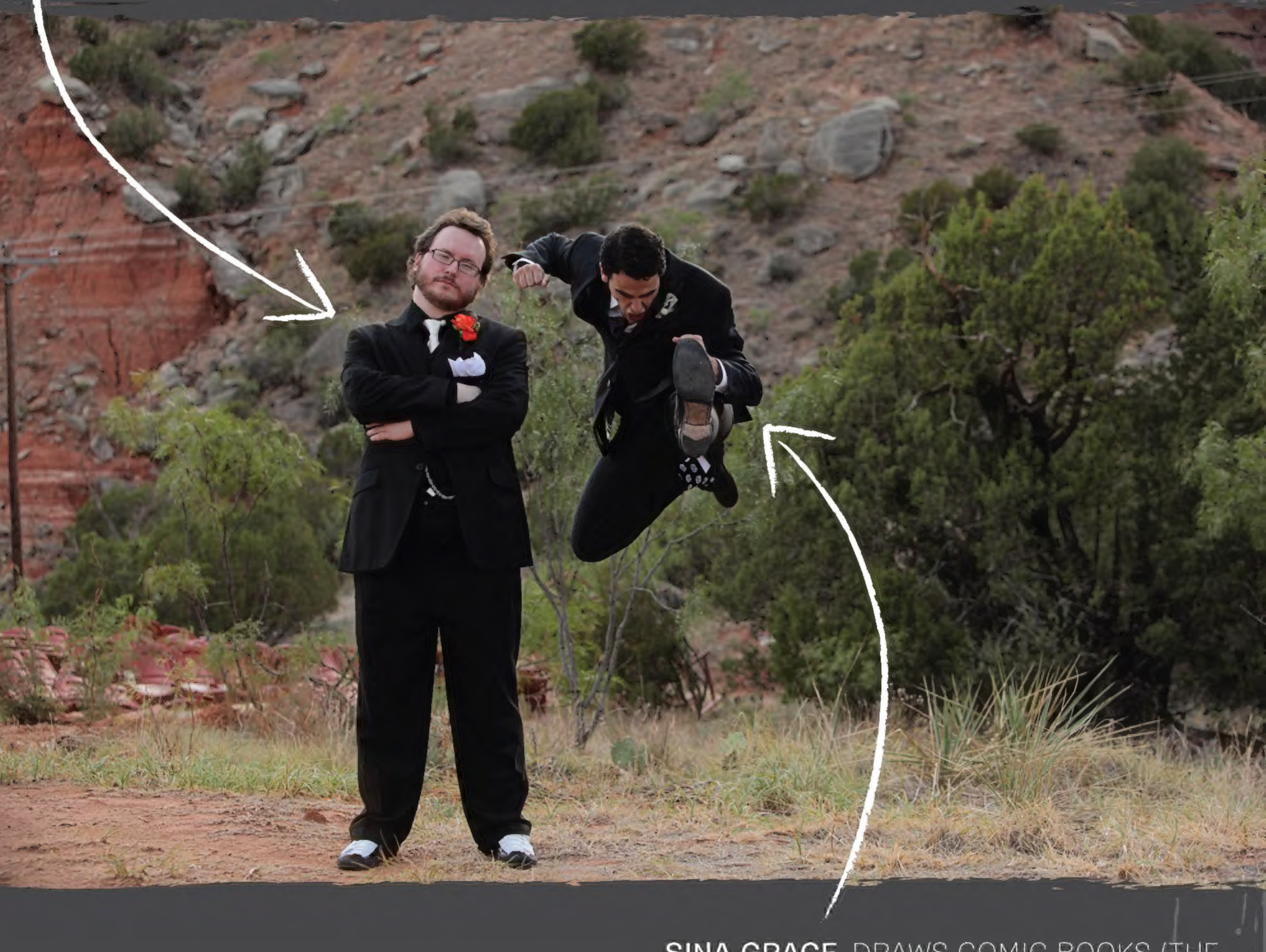
JOHNNY DESTRUCTO - JAYDOTDEE.COM

I.T. DEPRESSED BOY

Chapter breaks by:
Rob Guillory (chapter one) -- http://robguillory.com
Charlie Adlard (chapter two) -- http://charlieadlard.com
Steve Rolston (chapter three) -- http://steverolston.com
Jamie McKelvie (chapter four) -- http://jamiemckelvie.com

Pinups by:
Will Terrell -- http://superzeroes.net
Justin Castaneda -- http://wheniwaslittle.blogspot.com
Vincent Kukua -- http://hawaiianpunch.deviantart.com
Zarchary Trover -- http://too-hectic.com
Burton Durand -- http://burtondurand.tumblr.com
Johnny Destructo -- http://jaydotdee.com

S. STEVEN STRUBLE MOVED TO AMARILLO, TX TO MAKE COMIC BOOKS. SURPRISINGLY, THIS PLAN ACTUALLY WORKED OUT. IN HIS SPARE TIME HE ALSO COLORS OTHER PEOPLES COMICS AND COMPETES ON THE POETRY SLAM CIRCUIT.
MORE AT **WWW.ILLITERATERAINBOW.COM**



SINA GRACE DRAWS COMIC BOOKS (THE LI'L DEPRESSED BOY), KIDS' BOOKS (AMONG THE GHOSTS), AND BIG-PEOPLE BOOKS (CEDRIC HOLLOWS IN DIAL M FOR MAGIC) IN COFFEE SHOPS ALL AROUND LOS ANGELES. WHEN HE'S NOT DOING THAT, HE'S BUSY HANDLING DUTIES AS EDITORIAL DIRECTOR FOR ROBERT KIRKMAN'S SKYBOUND IMPRINT AT IMAGE COMICS.
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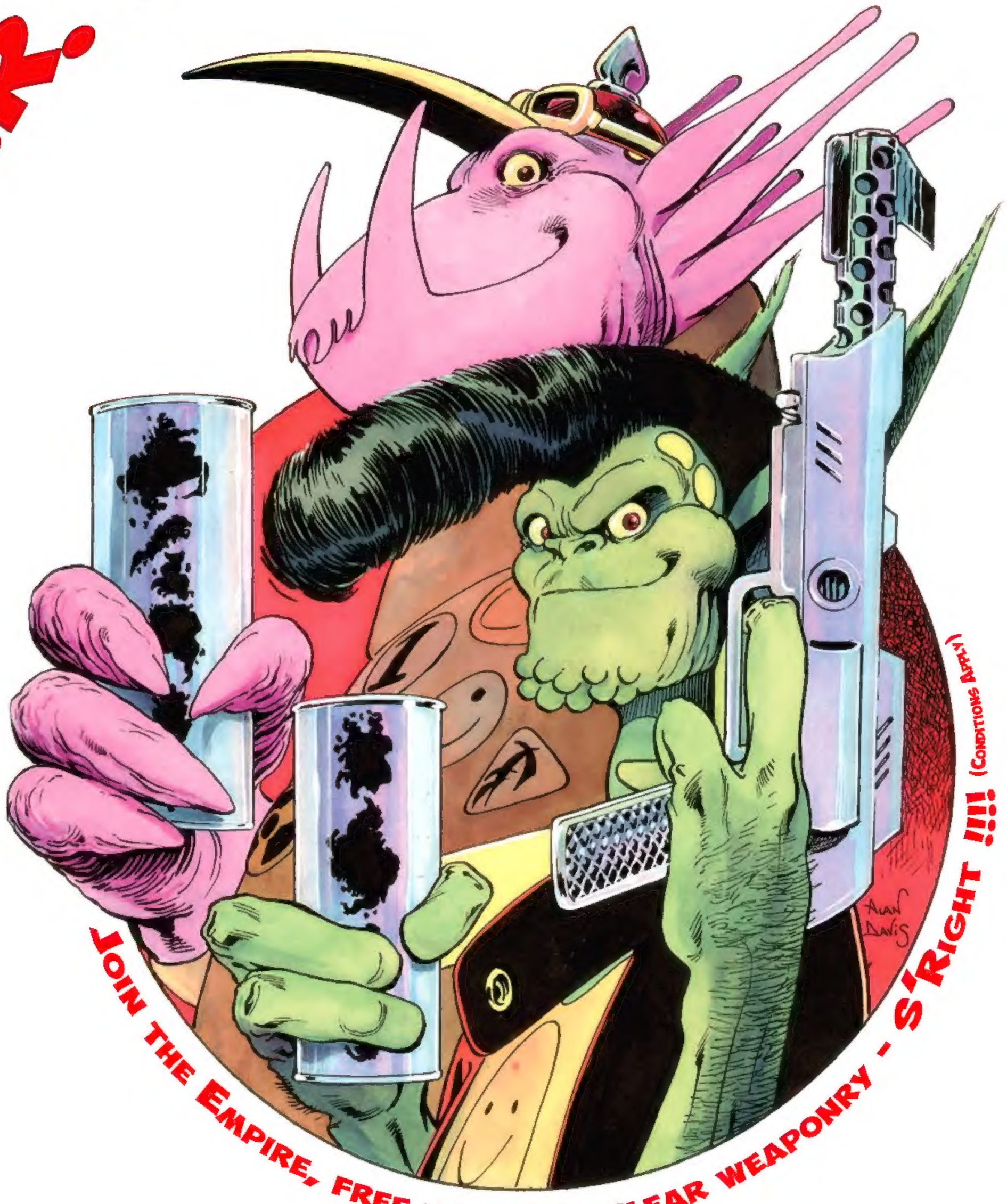

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